

The Nation

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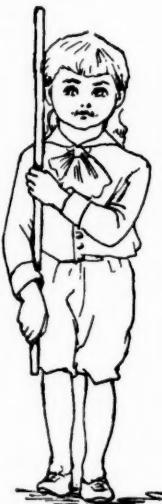
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1860.

The Week.

It would have been impossible, in the existing condition of politics and society in this city, to have made a ticket better adapted to the situation than that produced by the Municipal League last Thursday. Mr. Francis M. Scott, who heads it, is a man who has been the mainstay of every attempt to improve the city government through legislation for the last ten years. No bill relating to the city has been introduced at Albany during that period on the merits of which his opinion, it is safe to say, was not the best opinion to be had, so familiar is he with the working of our municipal machinery in every part, and so well does he understand all the devices by which it has been deranged or perverted for purposes of private gain. Moreover, he is a man of the highest personal character, whose motives in any public act no one who knows him has ever thought of questioning. He was in the Aqueduct Commission the trusted friend and colleague of the late Walter Howe, a man of precisely the same moral mould and an equally firm guardian of the public interest. In short, in any city in the world in which the chief executive officer is chosen solely with reference to the city's needs, he would be pronounced eminently worthy of the place. That he was not thought of sooner by the Committee of the League, shows how completely, under our present system of government, special fitness is thrown into the background in the minds of all of us when casting round for municipal candidates. We have actually grown accustomed to look on the nomination for an office of a specially qualified man as a piece of Quixotism, which may do for Englishmen and Germans, living under effete monarchies, but is wholly out of place in a model republic. Of the other candidates we believe all we hear of their fitness. It only remains now for the friends of good government, not simply to elect them by a bare majority, but by a majority so great as to convince the vicious and dangerous classes that the honest and industrious are easily masters in this city whenever they choose to assert themselves.

Boss Croker and his liquor-dealing followers have renominated Mayor Grant, as was anticipated. Only one newspaper, the *Sun*, has a word to say in Grant's favor. All the others are either silent on the subject, or strongly opposed. As for the *Sun's* support, one has only to recall the list, with Grant and his semi-criminal supporters at the end, of the rascals and shady political characters whom the editor of the *Sun* has taken to his bosom during the past twenty years. It would have been hard lines indeed for "Hughey" Grant if he had been excluded from this category. It is useless to point to a few respectable names on the ticket put in

the field by such a body, and hope for any good to the city in the event of the ticket's election. Tammany is behind the ticket, and it is the Tammany gang that the people are asked to retain in power.

The signs of revolt against Quay in Pennsylvania are multiplying as the day of election draws near. Probably as good an indication as any is found in the increasing amount of anti-Quay literature in the columns of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. This paper is published on commercial principles strictly. The *Ledger* will not do any overt act or commit any offence against decency or good morals for any consideration. On the other hand, it will not knowingly quarrel with its bread and butter. Guided by these maxims, it has until lately dealt very gingerly with Quay and Delamater, and has kept out of its columns some of the most precious news of the day, which if published would have had a damaging effect upon them. The *Ledger* has been growing bolder lately. It published on Monday a sermon of three columns preached by a Philadelphia clergyman against Quayism. Hardly anything could establish more clearly the fact that it pays to oppose Quay.

The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, the famous preacher, now for a long time Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, in his earlier life was for some years Rector of the important Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, from which it must result that he has still some special interest in Pennsylvania affairs. No doubt he was moved thereby, as well as by his instinct and training, and his duty as a moralist and public teacher, to address to Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Lincoln Republican Committee, the following letter, which has been made public and will be circulated, together with other documents, in the anti-Quay interest:

TRINITY PARISH, BOSTON,
September 25, 1860.

DEAR MR. WELSH: As a citizen and a Republican, I am thankful to know that the Republican citizens of Pennsylvania propose to protest against Quay. If ever such protest was needed, it seems as if it were needed now. I cannot come to the meeting, and indeed I think that the voices of Pennsylvania should mostly be heard on that occasion; but I bid you god-speed, and shall rejoice in your success.

Yours most sincerely, PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Now we may prepare to see the Quay managers manifesting the same anxiety that Tammany has betrayed lest the clergy should soil themselves by contact with "politics"; but most honest people will think that when Quay and Tammany have reduced politics to the question of maintaining the Decalogue or not, the clergy have an eminent right to speak.

The nomination of David A. Wells for Congress by the Connecticut Democrats, and his acceptance, are among the best signs of the times. That the Democrats should

be willing to nominate such a man shows that the party is gaining rapidly in positiveness and courage on the main question of the day—the gross abuse of the taxing power by the Federal Government. With this question no man in America is so competent to deal as Mr. Wells. No man in the United States, and not many elsewhere, handles economic questions with so sure a touch and with such fulness of information and such power of analysis. He is one of the very few among us whom we could send into any assembly of trained economists or statesmen in the world with the certainty that he would do us honor. He is essentially what Bishop Potter said he was in the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard last summer—a man who, "for a long time to come, will be recognized in both hemispheres as, in a department of learning fruitful in fallacies and half-truths, a true interpreter and disseminator of the truth." He will be a powerful reinforcement in Congress if he is elected, as we think he will be, to those in the House who know anything about trade, commerce, or industry.

Dr. William Everett, son of the famous Edward Everett, has been nominated to oppose Mr. Cabot Lodge for Congress. Mr. Everett is well known also as a "Scholar in Politics," and a distinguished Harvard man, and we trust may push Lodge hard, but we may rely on it that Lodge will not let himself be beaten if money and patronage can save him. In a speech at the Tremont Temple two years ago, Mr. Everett alluded to a statement of Mr. Lodge's that, on various political matters, he had "changed his mind," and went on to say that when a rising young statesman had excited the hopes of his friends by his devotion to the cause of reform, and had then gone into close alliance with mere partisan politicians, "he had not changed his mind; he had changed his soul and his heart." The canvass between the two "Scholars in Politics" is made all the more interesting by the fact that, for the first time in Massachusetts history, a political party has gone outside the limits of the district for a candidate. Mr. Lodge resides a part of the year in Boston, but his domicile and his tax residence are in Nahant, within the limits of the Sixth District, which is entirely north of Boston. Mr. Everett resides at Quincy, where he is the head of Adams Academy, and is separated by the whole width of Boston proper and Dorchester from Mr. Lodge's district. Going outside the limits of a district for a Congressional candidate was, before 1852, forbidden by law in Massachusetts, though there were great doubts if the law was constitutional; but this is the first instance of a convention's accepting the opportunity now offered. Of course the Republican papers are much concerned at the insult to the local Democracy, though the nomination was unanimous and by acclamation. We pre-

sume if it had not come, Mr. Everett would have been nominated in the district in which he lives.

Mr. Russell, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, has raised a genuine "live issue" in the campaign by embodying in his first formal speech a discussion of the lobby scandal of the last session of the Legislature, as revealed in the West-End Railway franchise inquiry. He declared his determination to fight this "secret, irresponsible body, that stands like a giant robber between the people and the Legislature, demanding money of every interest that comes within its reach," and added:

"It is due to every interest seeking legislation that it should obtain a fair and full hearing without paying tribute to the lobby. It is due to the Legislature that it should not be beset by such secret influences. It is due to the Commonwealth that this body, which has grown up and has thrived under Republican administration—a body for which that administration is absolutely responsible—should be eradicated. What is the remedy? First, something more than measures to legalize the lobby. Measures should be adopted tending to limit or exterminate. Next, let the Governor of the Commonwealth declare that any act which comes to him tainted with improper influences cannot become a law with his approval. Speaking as the candidate of the people's party, charged with the duty of serving their interests only, I pledge myself, if elected, to use all power within my reach to apply these remedies to the evil."

This is the first formal appearance of the anti-lobby issue in our politics, but we are prepared to believe that the day is not far distant when it will be so important an issue that all candidates will have to take a stand on one side or the other of it.

We are under great obligations to the *Tribune* for revealing the date of one of the suspected foreign press extracts upon Belden's Congressional Republican campaign circular, namely, that from the London *Times*. The *Tribune* has found it in the *Times* of July 12, 1880, and gives it in its ungarbled form, which shows it to be quite a different thing from what it appears to be in Belden's circular, and that it was published over ten years ago. Here is the extract as Belden's mutilators give it:

[London *Times*.]

It is to the New World that the Cobden Club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe, and it is now turning its eyes westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. IT CANNOT REST WHILE THE UNITED STATES ARE UNSUBDUED.

Here it is as it appeared originally, and as given in the *Tribune* of Saturday, italics being ours:

It is to the New World that the Cobden Club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe, and it is now turning its eyes westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. It cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued, so it will go on plying them with arguments and statistics, with books and pamphlets and speeches, until reason has at length done its work and has dislodged protection from the great stronghold in which it has entrenched itself.

It will be observed that Belden's garbler changed the comma after "unsubdued" into a period, and suppressed the sentence which followed explanatory of the kind of work which the Cobden Club was to do in the

New World—that is, by means of "arguments and statistics, with books and pamphlets," by appeals to reason. Nobody has ever denied that the Club does this kind of work. The protectionists have represented it as a great corrupting agency, with an illimitable fund supplied by British manufacturers, and the *Times* extract was garbled so as to give color to that view. Else why was it garbled at all? The *Tribune*, curiously enough, appears to think that its presentation of the text refutes our charge of forgery. What it does is, to make it perfectly plain why Belden's rascally hack did not put the precise date on one of the suspected quotations. Now will it help run him down on the other?

That the Cobden Club is an economical association with a small income, which it spends in circulating books and pamphlets, the Republican managers carefully conceal. Here is a specimen of the way the work is done, taken from the *Des Moines (Iowa) Register*, the Republicans being just now greatly alarmed in that State:

"The Cobden Club of London, England, and New York, have actively joined hands with the Democratic party of Iowa and the nation, to buy out the next *House of Representatives of the United States*! Iowa Democracy is making the entire struggle of this year's contest for British interests. Prohibition and all other State and national issues are being held in abeyance, and the whole contest staked on free trade in the interest of English manufacturers, and Cobden Club funds are paying the entire expenses of Iowa Democracy in this year's campaign! These facts are undisputed. The conspiracy has been so strongly proven that denial is impossible. The Democratic State and Congressional committees have unlimited Cobden Club funds at their disposal, and Iowa and all other States are being flooded with free-trade documents from 'No. 52, Williams street, New York,' which is the United States office and headquarters of the British Cobden Club!"

Now, every sentence in this contains a lie, the greatest of all being of course the editor's impudent assertion that "the facts are undisputed." But it explains clearly why the Congressional Committee could not allow it to go forth, on the authority of the London *Times*, that the work of the Cobden Club was the supply of "arguments and statistics, books and pamphlets and speeches." So they converted a comma into a period, and suppressed the explanatory portion of the sentence, just like a "Hungry Joe" raising a check; and then chuckled over the trick when found out.

The *Tribune* claims in behalf of the Republican managers and editors, that "not more than three" of the hundreds of campaign extracts from English papers were even suspected of being "inaccurate"—a euphemism for being concocted bodily. This is a mistake. We hunted down more than that number ourselves, and either showed that they were garbled, or altered, or ascribed to important English journals when they came from obscure ones, in some cases American, or that the publishers were unable to say where they got them. In fact, all of them were suspected of having something wrong about them, if not of being wholly forged. Our denunciations of them in 1888 were almost constant, and met with no defense. As a

general rule, the rascals who were issuing them took refuge in gloomy silence. The *Tribune* apparently forgets the old and well-founded rule, that when a man is found guilty of even one forgery, all papers which he issues for his own profit are justly suspected—that, in short, the presumption is against their genuineness. Its unconsciousness that there is anything wrong in "converting a comma into a period," and leaving out the explanatory portion of the sentence thus mutilated, represents the state of mind of the Beldens, Plummers, Quigs, and the like who are or have been engaged in this wretched business. They do not know how honorable men feel about such things, and are extremely puzzled, and even angry, when called to account for them. We think it no exaggeration to say that, since 1884, scores of cases of this species of dishonesty have passed under our eyes, but we have only exposed the worst ones, or those issuing from the most conspicuous sources. In most of them the game has not seemed worth the candle.

The new document issued by the Republican Campaign Committee must have been conceived in the spirit of insolent contempt for the understanding of those to whom it is addressed. In staring lines it bears the title: "The Tariff not a Tax. At all Events, not upon the American Consumer." Then follows the statement that "among the reckless assertions of the free-traders oftenest met with is the statement that the tariff is a tax upon the consumer. Of course it is, and then again, of course it isn't. A revenue tariff undoubtedly taxes the consumer; a protective tariff has precisely the opposite effect." On another page it speaks of "a protective duty, which is often wholly, and always largely, paid by the exporter." Yet in the very next sentences it says: "By its additions to the free list, then, the Republican party has left in the people's pockets a sum which last year amounted to more than \$65,000,000, and has opened our ports to merchandise—upon which the American consumer has heretofore been paying a tax—which was last year imported to the value of \$365,406,000. This is nearly 50 per cent. of the total importation, and is 10 per cent. greater than the free importation provided in the Mills bill." What "free importation" may be we shall leave the Republican Committee to explain; but what is to be said of the "face" of those who import into one little eight-page pamphlet such plain contradictions as these? "The tariff not a tax, at all events not upon the American consumer," on one page, and on another page credit claimed for leaving "in the people's pockets a sum which last year amounted to more than \$65,000,000," through the remission of tariff duties and opening our ports to merchandise "upon which the American consumer has heretofore been paying a tax." Surely, to print these statements together is the very insanity of presumption. The high-taxers seem to imagine that the farmers to whom this pamphlet is specially addressed cannot remember from page to page. We suspect that this will prove to be a grave miscalculation.

Mr. John R. Morris of Baltimore, who has been investigating the report that a tin-plate factory was to be established at once in that city under the protecting aegis of the McKinley Law, announces as the result of his inquiries that the "works have fled to Chicago," and warns that city to get a tight grip upon them, since the near approach of election day makes it extremely improbable that Chicago will be able to "keep said works over a week at the outside." He adds: "Mr. Quay has got our tin-plate works on the road, as theatrical people say, and St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and San Francisco must be allowed their turn till the next Congress is elected." Mr. Morris goes on to explain, in a more serious vein, the real object of the travelling "tin-plate factory":

"The whole talk about establishing works to make tin plate here or elsewhere is a fraudulent political device, to gull voters for a month into the belief that there is to be a new industry created. No tin plate is to be made in this country. The purpose in more than doubling the duty on imported tin plate was not to cause tin plate to be made in this country, but to compel the American public to use Pittsburgh sheet iron instead of tin plate for roofing. Our canning and domestic utensil industries were sacrificed to further a swindle. That this is the case is indicated by the clause in the new law taking the metal tin from the free list and imposing a duty of four cents a pound on it. That would never have been done if it had been intended that tin plate should really be made in the United States. Cheap pig-tin is required for a real tin-plate industry. By putting out silly stories just now, Mr. Quay hopes to break the force of these facts till after the election."

That good Republican newspaper, the Pittsburgh *Despatch*, says that a number of Welsh tin-plate men, whose names are given, have just concluded at that place an investigation undertaken with a view to establishing works there. They have decided that no money can be made in the business there or anywhere else in this country.

The public have not been unmindful of an advertisement in all the newspapers lately of the prospectus of the National Cordage Co. We refer to this company because it is one of the producers of binding-twine. The prospectus says that

"the annual aggregate profits of the several concerns for the past ten years have been more than enough to pay the annual dividend on the preferred stock and leave a very large surplus, notwithstanding the fact that, during some of that period, the interests now consolidated were in competition of a character now avoided."

"The Committee further certifies that at no time within the past twenty-five years have the aggregate annual profits of the several concerns been insufficient to pay the 8 per cent. dividend on the preferred stock, although the consumption of cordage at the beginning of that period was only one-quarter what it is today."

We invite attention to this statement in order to set it in juxtaposition with a statement of "the cordage-manufacturers of the United States" submitted to the Senate Committee on Finance on the 26th of May, 1890, viz.:

"The cordage and binder-twine manufacturers of the United States beg that your honorable committee will amend that clause in the Tariff Bill which relates to our business. It places a duty of 1½ cents per pound upon binder-twine. Should this become

a law it will close our mills. We ask for 1½ cents per pound, an increase of one-half cent."

Well, what did Congress do? It fixed the duty about one-half a cent per pound *lower* than the rate that these manufacturers said would close their mills. And now an important section of them (fourteen out of forty-two concerns) advertise in a strictly business way that the trade is highly profitable, and prospects for the future extremely flattering. We have no doubt that the latter statement is true, and that the former, the one presented with so much solemnity to Congress, was a falsehood, known to be such when made.

The State Department is said to be in some trouble of mind, and not wholly without reason, over the sort of semi-official welcome given to the Comte de Paris by the Collector at this port, who says he received him on behalf of his superior, the Secretary of the Treasury. The French Government may very well take umbrage at this, for two reasons. One is that the Comte de Paris is a pretender to the French throne, an enemy of the Government, and has for this reason been expelled from France. The other is, that he has recently, by his own confession, taken a prominent part in the Boulanger plot to overthrow the French Republic and possibly bring on his country the horrors of civil war. There are about this last incident several aggravating circumstances. Boulanger was the principal instrument, when Minister of War, in procuring the legislation which drove all possible claimants of the French throne, even the Duc d'Aumale, out of France. The baseness of this was shown by the production of a letter in which Boulanger expressed, in the most fulsome terms, his gratitude to the Duke for his promotion in the army. To the baseness of turning on his benefactor Boulanger added by denying falsely that he ever wrote the letter. There never was after this incident any difference of opinion among the best men in France about Boulanger's character. His subsequent conduct as a demagogue, a conspirator, and charlatan, and his exposure by the trial before the Senate as an embezzler of the public funds, therefore, took none of them by surprise. The Comte de Paris must have known him as well as any of them, better than most of them.

Nevertheless, the Comte de Paris did not hesitate to enter into a conspiracy with this charlatan to overturn the Government, and actually supplied him with funds for the purpose through the Duchesse d'Uzès. He has admitted this himself in a manifesto which the friends of the monarchy read with shame and astonishment. "Proscribed by the Republic," said he, "I employed, in order to oppose her, the weapons with which she furnished me. I do not regret having made use of them to divide Republicans." In other words, in order to revenge himself on the Republican Legislature for having exiled himself, he was willing to hire a man whom he knew to be a worthless adventurer,

to plunge his country into confusion and disorder, and make Paris the scene of another, possibly bloody, revolution. We doubt if such an avowal from such a quarter can be found in history. There would, after all this, be, of course, a considerable want of good taste and discretion in the offer to the Comte de Paris of any official civilities. In fact, we might go so far as to say that there has been a certain want of judgment shown by him in selecting the United States, a sister republic, for a visit immediately after these unfortunate incidents in his career. He is justly entitled, of course, to a respectful reception from the public, and a hearty greeting from his old comrades of the Army of the Potomac, in consideration of his services in the field during the rebellion; but at this juncture care will have to be taken by our Government to prevent the perfectly proper civilities he will receive in this country from having, in French eyes, the air of a public or official welcome.

Signor Crispi's denunciation of "Irredentism" at the banquet given him in Florence is but an expansion of what he said about it a short time previously in an interview with the correspondent of the *Figaro*. "Irredentism" means, as most of our readers know, a movement to rescue what its promoters call "unredeemed Italy" (*Italia irridenta*)—that is, the territory now belonging to Austria and Switzerland occupied by an Italian speaking population, but which really has not belonged to Italy proper for centuries. The only portion of it which can be said to be in Italy proper is the Swiss Canton of Ticino, which fills the Italian side of the San Gothard pass; but the trouble here is that the Ticinese want to remain Swiss, for Swiss they have been three hundred years. To the correspondent of the *Figaro* Signor Crispi said: "Irredentism is a fad with some of our young men. In 1866 we might have got more. Our statesmen committed mistakes. I will not jeopardize what I have for the sake of a rectification of the frontiers, either on the side of Austria or elsewhere." This sounds like the robust common sense which has, in fact, on the whole, marked Italian politics ever since the kingdom was established. Irredentism means war with Austria, at least, and would put an end to the Triple Alliance, which is Italy's main reliance for defence against France. To an observation about the size of the European armaments, Signor Crispi answered: "I know it; these armaments will end by ruining Europe for the benefit of America." He apparently knows nothing about our pensions, which as a financial burden surpass in size the military outlay of any of the European Powers. Our advantage over them lies simply in greater ability to pay the money. In folly we should run neck and neck with them but for the fact that we let our pensioners stay at home and work if they please. Thousands have, however, been made by the pensions as unproductive as soldiers, for the pension leads often to loafing and drunkenness.

M'KINLEY PRICES.

PRICES of goods under the McKinley Tariff are now generally called McKinley prices, as distinguished from ordinary or normal prices. The peculiarity of McKinley prices is, that they are generally higher in the things that we are in the habit of importing, but unchanged in the things that we do not import. This is directly contrary to the promise of the framers and friends of the bill, who tell us that protection makes lower prices for the protected goods—a manifest untruth, since it is absurd to suppose that the manufacturers would go to Congress and ask for anything that would make lower prices for what they have to sell. Still more absurd would it be for them to contribute a fund of several hundred thousand dollars and put it in the hands of Matthew Quay, to carry an election for the express purpose of lowering the prices of their products. Still, there were a good many people foolish enough to believe this. They are being rapidly undeceived by the advertisements and circulars flying about the country announcing the McKinley prices of goods.

Our portfolio of McKinley prices is on the increase from day to day. For example, a dealer in hardware informs his customers that wire of which clock springs are made was taxed three cents per pound under the old tariff, but under the McKinley Bill is taxed *one dollar and sixty-three cents per pound*, an advance over the old rate of 5,300 per cent. What the McKinley price of this raw material of clocks may be, we are not advised.

A dealer in pearl buttons sends us an invoice with the duties as actually paid October 7:

1,473 gross pearl buttons, value in Vienna.....	\$628 00
25 per cent. duty.....	157 00
Additional duty under McKinley tariff	754 80
	\$1,539 80

The McKinley Bill is virtually a non-intercourse act as to many countries and things. Accompanying this invoice is a circular from Newell Bros. Manufacturing Co. of Springfield, Mass., announcing the McKinley prices of their make of *ivory* buttons. These are 30, 33, 35, and 45 in place of 26 and 30 as formerly. Ivory, however, is on the free list.

Two circulars have been forwarded to us from dealers in stationery touching the prices of blank-books. Liebenroth, Von Auw & Co., No. 50 Franklin Street, say that they are obliged to charge 25 per cent. advance on letter-copying books and 10 per cent. on all blank books except a few specified classes. Boorum & Pease, manufacturers of the same class of goods, Nos. 30 and 32 Reade Street, say that "*the revised tariff measure* and the steady increase for the past six months in the cost of leather," etc., have compelled them to announce an advance of "*at least* 25 per cent. in prices of our letter-copying books, and also an advance of 10 per cent. on all other goods in our catalogue," except a few specified articles.

The effect of the McKinley prices on the

minds of the people has alarmed the Republican Campaign Committee so much that they have printed a new document containing the following statements:

"It [the McKinley Bill] will materially reduce the farmer's expenses and greatly increase his profits.

"It will not raise the price to the American consumer of one single article that can be termed a necessary expense."

Observe the phraseology of the latter paragraph. The framers of the pamphlet could no longer say that the price will not be raised to the American consumer of anything that is bought in the market—evidence to the contrary is coming to them in showers. So they said that it would not raise the price of anything that could be considered necessary. We are thus led to ask what things are necessary.

Are buttons necessary, for example? By one of the most outrageous provisions ever inserted in a tariff bill, or in any bill, the duty on pearl buttons has been raised more than 100 per cent. and the cost doubled "to the American consumer." These buttons are used on the clothing of men, women, and children in countless numbers. They are not made in this country at all. They are made by poor people residing in the suburbs of Vienna. But other buttons, which can be used as a substitute for pearl buttons, are made here. The object of the pearl-button tax was to enable the manufacturers of these substitutes to put up their prices, and they have not lost a moment in doing so. Will the Republican Campaign Committee now tell us whether buttons are "a necessary expense" or not? Shall we discard them and use pins, or hooks and eyes, or holes and strings?

Are carpets necessary to the American people? They have gone up 25 per cent. since the passage of the McKinley Bill, in consequence of the new duty on carpet wool, and a Trust has been formed to control competition. Two-fifths of the looms in Philadelphia have been stopped and put under lock and key.

Is flannel necessary to American consumers? The prices of certain grades and qualities have been raised according to the following schedule:

NEW YORK, October 8, 1890.

Messrs *Le Boutillier Bros.*:

DEAR SIRS: On and after October 9, 1890, the price of our 26-27-inch French serge twill flannel will be 52½ cents per yard (present price 42½ cents), 26-27-inch French plain printed striped and dotted flannel 57½ cents (present price 52½ cents), 26-27-inch French fancy printed striped flannel will be 60 cents per yard (present price 55 cents). Yours truly,

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

Is linseed oil necessary? The duty is increased by the McKinley Bill from 25 cents to 32 cents per gallon, and the price has risen in our market even more than the duty, the article being controlled by a Trust.

We suppose that the Committee would say that kid gloves are not necessary. The effort of any poor girl to show some mark of gentility is usually manifested by the wearing of kid gloves of some grade or description. But the Committee would say undoubtedly that gentility is not necessary. Gloves of the cheaper grades are advanced by the McKinley Bill from 10 to 25 per cent.

Now, let us see how the two quoted paragraphs from this new Republican campaign document agree with each other. The first one says that the McKinley Bill will greatly increase the profits of farmers. The second one says that it "will not raise the price to the American consumer of a single article that can be termed a necessary expense." Even if we allow that buttons, carpets, flannels, blank-books, linseed oil, kid gloves, etc., are not necessary, and that we might make shift to do without them, this cannot be said of farm products. Wheat, corn, pork, and beef are unquestionably necessities of life. We are now told that the McKinley Bill will not raise the price of any of these things, although we were told beforehand that it would raise the prices of all of them. It has not raised the prices of any of them, because they are articles of export. How, then, will the McKinley Bill "greatly increase the profits of farmers"? In a few localities along the Canadian border, the prices of eggs and potatoes will be raised by the bill. In this way alone will the first-quoted paragraph be made good, but only by giving the lie to the second one, which says that *not a single article* that can be termed necessary will be raised in price? Are not potatoes necessary to the New England operative?

We have cited only a few of the articles necessary to civilized life that have been raised in price by the McKinley Bill. We have not heard, however, of any case in which wages have been raised by it. On the other hand, we have heard of one case where wages have been lowered by it. The silk-ribbon weavers of Paterson reported to the Central Labor Federation on Sunday that their wages had been cut 20 per cent. since the passage of the bill. On the other hand, the McKinley Administrative Bill was intended to prohibit the importation of silks by making new and monstrous requirements of the foreign manufacturers, and the effect has been to produce as much consternation at Lyons as the duty on pearl buttons has produced in Vienna. The first consequence on our side of the water, as we have seen, has been a reduction of wages among our own silk operatives.

ARE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONSTITUTIONAL?

THE Chicago Tribune takes leave to advise its party friends that the sugar-bounty clause of the McKinley Bill is unconstitutional, and that it will be so declared by the Supreme Court whenever the question comes before it. There can be very little doubt that the Tribune is right in the first half of its contention. Senator Carlisle, in his concluding speech on the McKinley Bill, quoted decisions denying the constitutionality of taxes imposed to aid private persons or corporations in carrying on business, pronounced by the highest courts of California, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maine, Pennsylvania, and Kansas, by the United States Circuit Court of Missouri, and by the Supreme Court of the United States, besides the weighty opinions of Judge Thomas M.

Cooley and of the late Judge Story, in their respective commentaries on constitutional law. These decisions and opinions seem to cover every point that it is possible to raise in relation to bounty-paying, and to leave nothing to be said on the other side. Indeed, nothing was said on the other side. Not one decision was cited in opposition, while no less than three from the Supreme Court of the United States were cited to sustain Mr. Carlisle's positions.

Considering the importance of the principles involved and the possible consequences of such a precedent—which warrants every industry and every man whose profits are not satisfactory to him in calling on Congress for help—it is worth while to look more particularly at the cases in the United States Supreme Court here referred to. The first was that of Parkersburg vs. Brown (106 U. S., 487). The Legislature of West Virginia had authorized the city of Wheeling to issue bonds and loan money for the purpose of encouraging the establishment of manufacturing industries, and to take bonds and mortgages upon the property to secure its repayment. A vote of the people had been taken. The bonds had been actually issued and the money received for them. The Court held that the act was a gross perversion of the taxing power, that the bonds were absolutely void, and that no tax could be levied to pay either principal or interest. In the well-known case of Loan Association vs. Topeka (20 Wallace, 655) the Court said:

"To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation. It is a decree under legislative forms.

"Nor is it taxation. A 'tax,' says Webster's Dictionary, 'is a rate or sum of money assessed on the person or property of a citizen by the government for the use of the nation or state.' Taxes are burdens or charges imposed by the Legislature upon persons or property to raise money for public purposes."

The array of legal authority on this question is overwhelming and is all on one side. In the case of the sugar bounties there is not even the pitiful excuse commonly advanced for such taxes, that the money will put the business on a paying basis, and therefore will be well invested. On the contrary, the very reason for paying the sugar bounties is that the business is a losing one. It is not pretended by anybody that the bounty will be of any avail except to make good the deficits of the sugar-planters. Much was said about the German bounties in the course of the debate, as though that example was a good one for us to follow; but Mr. Carlisle showed that the German Government received a net revenue from beet sugar of \$9,000,000 per annum, after paying the bounty on exportation. This bounty is in the form of a drawback. It was, in its inception, the result of accident entirely. At the time when the present internal tax on beet roots was imposed, twelve and a half tons of beets yielded one ton of sugar. A drawback on exported sugar equal to the tax was allowed—that is, the sugar-manufac-

turer first paid a certain tax on twelve and a half tons of beets; then, if he exported one ton of sugar, the Treasury repaid him exactly what he had paid to it, else he could not have competed with other sugar-makers, or shared in the world's markets. But as time and invention went on, the sugar-makers learned how to get more than one ton of sugar out of twelve and a half tons of beets. They now get one ton out of eight and a half tons of beets, and, as the law has not been changed, they receive from the Treasury in drawbacks more than they pay to it in taxes on *exported* sugar, but not more than they pay on all the sugar produced by them. There is no drawback or refund of taxes on the sugar consumed in Germany, and thus it comes about that the Government receives a net revenue of about \$9,000,000 from sugar, whereas our Government has made up an arrangement to produce a net deficit of about that sum, to be made good by taxes on all the people.

But whether this bounty-paying be constitutional or unconstitutional, there seems to be no way to bring the matter before the courts. A mandamus will not lie against a public officer to do a thing as to which he has a discretion. Still less will an injunction lie to restrain him from doing what the law requires him to do. No tribunal has been clothed with power to inquire into the constitutionality of laws except where private rights are affected, and where those rights are properly brought before the court for adjudication. Therefore, there seems to be no way of getting a judicial decision on the question, although the unconstitutionality of the bounty is evident, and the injustice and impolicy of it even more so.

THE POPULATION CENSUS.

It now seems practically certain that the census returns of the total population of the country will themselves demonstrate the defective character of the canvass by which they were obtained, far more conclusively than any number of partial recounts are at all likely to do. Up to October 10 the population of 137 out of the 175 supervisor districts into which the country was divided, had been announced. These districts are scattered all over the land, and there is no reason to suppose that the rate of increase in the 38 districts yet to be heard from will differ materially from that of the 137 already made public. The population of these 137 districts in 1880 was 40,352,446. According to the census returns, the same districts contain in 1890 49,909,961 inhabitants, an increase of 9,557,515, or at the rate of 23.68 per cent. If this rate be not exceeded in the one-fifth of the country not yet counted (and there is nothing to indicate that it will be), the census total of the population of the United States will little, if any, exceed 62,000,000.

According to the official statistics of immigration, the number of immigrants who came to this country during the ten years ending July 1, 1890, was, exclusive of those coming from Canada, 5,242,530, or nearly

twice as many as ever before landed on our shores in a like period of time, and one-third more than the entire number of inhabitants of this country when the first census was taken in 1790. Doubtless there was some emigration, of which we have no reliable statistics. It is, however, not at all likely to have exceeded the immigration from Canada, of which of late years no official figures have been given. It is, therefore, safe to assume that of the entire increase, which, according to the Census Office, will be apparently less than 12,000,000, 5,250,000 are to be credited to foreign immigration, and but 6,650,000, or about 13 1/4 per cent., to natural causes. This percentage is, as the following table will show, so much below the rate of natural increase during any previous decade of the country's history as to amount in itself to a demonstration of the untrustworthiness of the Eleventh Census. (The asterisk denotes an estimate):

Year	Population	Total decrease during decade	Immigration during decade	Natural in- crease dur- ing decade	Person size of total inhabitants	Percentage of increase due to immi- gration.
1790	3,965,532	—	—	—	—	—
1800	5,309,783	344,251	—	—	—	—
1810	6,709,853	460,070	—	—	—	—
1820	8,229,920	520,067	—	—	—	—
1830	9,823,982	604,062	—	—	—	—
1840	11,494,062	674,180	—	—	—	—
1850	13,161,143	767,081	—	—	—	—
1860	14,831,224	870,081	—	—	—	—
1870	16,501,304	970,080	—	—	—	—
1880	18,171,384	1,070,080	—	—	—	—
1890	22,731,464*	4,560,080	5,242,530	995,935	31.02	13.14

It appears that the rate of natural increase indicated by the census of 1890 is less than 60 per cent of that shown by the census of 1880, is less than during the decade when the country was ravaged by war, is scarcely more than half of that shown by the censuses of 1850 and 1840, and is very much less than half of the natural increase during any decade previous to 1830. It is doubtless true that the rise in the standard of comfort, and the great increase in the proportion of urban to rural population, have caused and have been accompa-

nied by a marked decrease in the birth-rate. But it is not possible to believe that, in the absence of a prolonged and devastating war, or a widespread and deadly pestilence, the rate of natural increase should suddenly, in the short space of ten years, have fallen from $22\frac{3}{4}$ to $13\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Even if allowance be made, as allowance should be made, for the fact that the census of 1870 was very defective, and that therefore the apparent rate of increase in 1880 was greater than was really the case, it still remains true that no such diminution in the rate of natural increase as the census of 1890 will indicate, is at all credible.

RAILWAYS AND FARMERS.

MR. J. S. JEANS, the Secretary of the British Iron and Steel Institute, now in this country, has a readable article upon American Railways and British Farmers in the September *Nineteenth Century*. He dwells upon the great fall in our average freight rate, and not only ascribes to it the agricultural depression in England, but also calls it a most potent factor in the decline in the values of manufactures and other commodities during the last decade. He gives a number of reasons why our railroads have been able to bear up under such reductions; longer trains, heavier cars, and more work per engine being the principal ones. The English railways come in for severe though but partly deserved criticism, because their charges have not been reduced, and because, from "slower-moving minds," their managers have not availed themselves, even to a small degree, of American experience in transportation economy. The fact is stated that a net revenue of about \$3,000 per mile on our roads will pay a 5 per cent. dividend, whereas the same dividend on English railways requires earnings of \$12,500 per mile. This leads to the further query why American roads, with all their "water," should have cost but about one-fourth that of the British lines, when materials and labor are higher here. Strange to say, no itemized statement of the capital cost of English railways has been made, so we cannot account for so great a difference.

Passing from this, Mr. Jeans raises two important questions: Will the United States continue to supply Europe with breadstuffs, and will the future supply be carried at charges cheaper than the present? The United States of late have not held their old position in relation to the foreign food supply, but Mr. Jeans thinks that we shall recover it. Our land under cereals now comprises but one-seventh of our area, excluding Alaska; and even with allowances for lakes and mountains we can, by cultivation of available land and by irrigation, bring immense supplies of grain to market "if it is shown to be worth while." The London correspondent of *Bradstreet's*, Mr. Bear, in a late letter, said "the feeding capacity of the United States could be doubled in a single year. It is all a question of price." This gentleman for years has been prophesying a decline in our exports of breadstuffs because of a reduction in the European value of wheat which would leave no profit to our farmers.

Contrary to this opinion, Mr. Edward Atkinson calculates that American farmers can sell wheat in Liverpool at 25s. per quarter (say 70 to 75 cents per bushel in New York) and still make a profit. The argument of the *Nineteenth Century*, to the same effect, is based largely on the future construction of railroad mileage, and is in brief this: The average miles constructed yearly have been 5,417. In twenty years, at this rate of increase, our system would contain 270,000 miles. The traffic necessary to support such a system (at the same quantity per mile as now) would require 410,000,000 tons more than are now carried. This great increase would of necessity be composed largely of cereals and products of cereals which can find a market only abroad.

The decline of late years in our exports of breadstuffs has been greater in values than in quantity, and it is possible that this condition may continue. With increasing competition from Russia, India, South America, and other countries, a gradual fall in the price of grain may be expected. If, in addition to these reasons of Mr. Jeans, there should be a permanent check to our international trade, such a check, under the assumption that we must continue to raise and export cereals, would register itself first of all in the prices paid us for our exports, rather than in the quantity exported. This price would be lowered in proportion as trade from Europe to America was made difficult and expensive. The opinion that these exports must continue, finds support in the fact that agriculture is the slowest of all pursuits to accommodate its overabundance in any product to the laws of demand and supply.

Such declines in value, Mr. Jeans thinks, would be inevitably followed by reductions in rates of transportation. Our increasing railroads create traffic and in turn must have it even at lowering tariffs; at the same time, if values of produce fall, a demand for a corresponding reduction in railroad charges is certain to be made. There is also the further probability of better facilities and lower charges for water transportation, both ocean and inland. Under this view of the case, time must be our main reliance for bringing about adjustments and remedies for the lower prices which farmers of the West and East and in England apparently must expect.

As for the railroads, the case looks brighter. Our transportation lines can adjust themselves to altered conditions much more easily and quickly than we can hope for in agriculture. A large export traffic with lower charges need not mean less returns to security-holders. A large expenditure of capital, producing a smaller cost per unit, is the law of progress. Our mechanical engineers and officers think that the limit of cheapness in railroad operating has been reached; but so, indeed, they thought before Bessemer made steel rails, and invention will not die with Bessemer. If air-brakes applied to freight-trains (with other improvements for safety) will enable 50 or 100 per cent. more freight-trains to be run with greater speed over a given piece of track each day, we shall double the earning power of that track without doubling the expenses; but this cannot be

done without an outlay of capital for appliances and for terminals which shall be able cheaply to dispose of the increase of traffic. Under this reasoning the outlook is better for railroad than for farm-owners, whether the latter are in America or in England.

A FUGITIVE FROM THE TERROR.

PARIS, September 30, 1890.

THE Salamons are a family of the Comtat Venaissin. One of them was consul at Carpentras (all these southern cities had consuls: they had preserved the traditions of Rome). He had two sons, Baron de Salomon and Louis Siferin, who became a bishop and the Pope's internuncio in Paris during the Revolution. The Abt Bredier possesses a copy of the Memoirs of this internuncio, which have recently been published. Salomon was born in 1760, and was educated at Lyons by the Oratorians; at the age of twenty he was admitted doctor of the famous University of Avignon; at the age of twenty-two he was appointed "auditeur de la Rote d'Avignon." He bought a councillorship in the Parlement of Paris, and took part in the debates at the famous trial of the diamond necklace. In 1790 Pius VI. appointed him his internuncio at the court of Louis XVI. He had been already, for some years, sort of unofficial correspondent of the Holy See. When the Revolution broke out, Salomon's mission became difficult and dangerous: he spread among the general public the papal briefs, written on the question of the civil constitution of the French clergy. These briefs were sent, with all the canonical forms, to the metropolitan, who had them printed, and they were then distributed by Mgr. de Salomon. The internuncio was arrested and thrown in the prison of the Abbaye. He thus became one of the witnesses of the famous massacres of September, and it is a miracle that he was not also one of the victims of this event, which Napoleon called the Saint Bartholomew of the Revolution.

The first chapter of the Memoirs now published, and dedicated to Mme. de Villeneuve (born Countess of Ségur), has this title: "My martyrdom from Sunday, September 2, 1792, at two o'clock P. M., to Monday, the 3d of the same month, at eight o'clock A. M., in the garden of the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés." Well could he say to Mme. de Villeneuve, as Æneas to Dido—

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." Salomon had, after his arrest, been conducted to the dépôt of the mairie (which is now the Prefecture of Police). He was taken before a committee of five men, among whom he recognized Marat, whom he had known as a doctor (of the stables of the Comte d'Artois, a veterinary doctor). At the dépôt he found several priests, the grand vicars of Toulouse, of Bourges, of Strasbourg, together with some Paris curates. On September 1, 1792, a member of the Commune, with his tricolor sash, came and said: "The sixty-three oldest among you will be transferred to the Abbaye; let them come forward and enroll themselves." "Though I was," says the internuncio, "one of the last arrived, I hastened—I do not know why—to present myself, and I was enrolled without anybody asking me any questions. It was surely an inspiration of heaven; for to it is due the fact that I am still alive, as will be seen hereafter." Eighteen prisoners were left behind, the best known among them being the Abbé Sicard, the educator of the deaf and dumb. He was only transferred with the others the next day at two o'clock, at the mo-

ment when the massacres began, and all his companions, without any interrogatory, were massacred when they left their carriage; Si-card alone was saved. A watchmaker who was a great patriot and revolutionist, threw himself between him and the murderers, and begged them to spare a man "who was so necessary to suffering humanity."

Let us return to Salomon. He spent his first night at the Abbaye in the refectory of the monks, with eighty-three prisoners, on a matress where a place was offered him by an unknown man, a negro soldier, who was a deserter. The next day he was again put among the priests, his first companions; it was the 2d of September and a Sunday. At two o'clock, during a repast which the prisoners were taking, the keeper, opening the door with much noise, said to them: "Make haste! The people are marching against the prisons and have already begun to massacre the prisoners." They left their repast and prepared themselves for death. The screams of the mob were already heard. The prisoners, addressing themselves to the old curate of Saint-Jean-en-Grève, an old man of eighty-four years, who had a great reputation for sanctity, asked him to give them all the absolution in *articulo mortis*. He said to them that the danger did not seem to him sufficiently imminent, and that they had better make confession. The internuncio was making his to the old curate when the keeper came back. "The people are more and more enraged; there are perhaps two thousand men in the Abbaye." He added that all the Carmelite priests had been massacred already. The old curate then consented to give solemnly to all the priests who were round him the absolution in *articulo mortis*. After having done so, he asked the internuncio to give him absolution in his turn.

Then they all began to sing the prayers for the dying, the accustomed litanies; many were crying. Night came; at half-past eleven, the assault on the Abbaye began. Seeing that one of his companions had escaped by a high window, left open, the internuncio, who was very strong, succeeded in reaching the same window, and jumped out. Thirteen prisoners followed them; the fear of death gave them wings—already the doors were forced. Salomon found himself in a little court. Some of the invaders soon arrived; they had for their mission to save a certain Abbé Godard, who knew the mistress of Manuel, the procureur of the Commune. Godard, who was six feet high and had first jumped out into the little court, where he was followed by Salomon, was seized by a tall man, who shouted, "There is the brigand," and disappeared with him. Salomon threw himself towards the door, screaming, "I am not guilty!" An old man, who had a torch in his hand and blood on his clothes, said to him, "Come! if you are not guilty, no harm will be done to you." The crowd opened before them; not a word was said. They crossed a long court and walked unmolested through a great crowd and under "una bella luna, che illuminava tanti furfanti" (the original Memoirs were written in Italian). It is quite clear that among the murderers were some men hired to save certain of the prisoners. The internuncio profited by these arrangements, though they were probably not made in his favor. Some other prisoners also profited by them. Salomon had abandoned the ecclesiastical costume since the 10th of August, and this probably saved him. The candid account which he gives of his emotions is not very creditable to his courage; there was evidently nothing in him of the saint or of the hero, and the rest of the Memoirs proves it.

When we speak of the clergy of the eighteenth century, we can show two extreme types—one the heroic curate of Saint John, who received death with as much calm as the early martyrs; the other the *abbé galant*, such as appears in so many memoirs of the time. The Papal internuncio was something between the two—nearer, I am afraid, the second than the first. He was egoistical, a gourmand, always waited upon by women who spoiled him, sent him presents of fruit and other good things, who felt for him that peculiar sort of devotion which we may call, in want of a better name, ecclesiastical devotion. He saw few priests, and sought the society of men and women of the world. He was, on the whole, very sensible. The heroine of his Memoirs is his old governess, Blanchet, who had a sort of canine affection for him.

After the massacres of September he continued to remain in France, but he had no further diplomatic duties and ceased to be an internuncio; he became merely a Vicar-apostolic—a title which shows well the religious condition of France at the time. He continued, in that capacity, to correspond with Pius VI. and Cardinal Zedala, but his correspondence with them is unfortunately lost. We must remember that Salomon had been a lawyer, a member of the Parlement, before he became a representative of the Holy See. As such, like all his frères, he had signed a protest of the Parlement against the acts of the National Assembly. This document was discovered in 1794, and the name of Salomon was found on it. The members of the Committee of General Security (a singular name for such a committee) issued a writ against him. With his usual luck, he succeeded in escaping, and the Memoirs give us in minute details the history of this Odyssey during the Terror. We see in it a former member of the Parlement, an official representative of the Holy See, obliged to hide in the woods, to sleep on straw, to become a vagrant, to lead, as he says himself, the life of a wild beast of the forest. Curiously enough, he never interrupted, during this period, his correspondence with Rome and with a few priests in France, proscribed like himself. "Ma vie sous la Terreur" reads like a sensational novel, and is full of characteristic anecdotes. Salomon was able to go to Paris every week, and lived the rest of the time chiefly in the Bois de Boulogne or at Passy.

After the death of Robespierre, a great change took place, and Salomon was able to resume his usual life. He remained as Vicar-apostolic till 1801, when he was relieved of his functions by Mgr. Caprara, and was appointed administrator of the dioceses of Normandy. That province was very much agitated. There were divisions between the members of the clergy who had taken the oath to the Constitution and those who had not. The concordat was not yet signed. Salomon sent important notes to the Pope, and, his mission having come to an end, he reentered private life for a long period. Why was he not appointed to one of the bishoprics after the concordat? We do not know; he was obliged to content himself with being made *episcopus in partibus*. In 1820, at the age of sixty-two years, he was appointed Bishop of Saint-Flour. He performed his episcopal duties with much zeal, and died on the 11th of June, 1829. Though he had sybaritic tastes, at least in his youth, as the Memoirs show almost at every page, he wished to be interred like the poor, to be put in what is called the "fosse commune."

Correspondence.

PARTIES AND THE PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me very strange that anybody who contemplates the session of Congress which has just closed, the actual amount of evil which it has accomplished in the present, and its forebodings of far worse evils in the future, can imagine for a moment that this is a mere question of party or can be remedied by the mere substitution of a Democratic for a Republican majority. The spirit of the Democrats will be to say, as Mr. Bryce puts it in his admirable article in the *North American Review*, "They have chastised us with whips, but if we get into power we will chastise them with scorpions." Even if, chastened by adversity, they begin with moderation, it will not take many years for them to better the instruction they have received.

Will they come into power? The Republicans have set themselves to make friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, and they have made them with a vengeance. Witness this story going the rounds of the papers, and which, if not true, is at least well invented. It is said that a gang, of which at least some of the Senators and Representatives are members, taking advantage of the act which they helped to pass, have bought 40,000,000 ounces of silver at about 97 cents, and are selling it to the Government at \$1.10 to \$1.20. Think what material for a campaign fund is there! And if we add to it the plunder which the robber barons will draw from the McKinley Bill, one is lost in admiration at the resources which a grateful constituency is ready to place at the disposal of the Republican managers, especially when eked out by judicious economy in expenditure in the "doubtful" States. Was there anything more corrupt in the Parliament of George the Third, or in France before the First Revolution? And we are the descendants of the men who rose in armed rebellion because the British Government put a tax on tea!

The fact is, that Congress is suffering from organic disease deeply rooted in its organization and modes of doing business—a disease which will need for its treatment the full strength of a national public opinion under strong leadership, and which, unless it is remedied, will drag us steadily down to a bottomless depth—unless we find a resting-place in the present condition of the Argentine Confederation. In Mr. Bryce's article referred to, he describes the Speaker of the House of Commons and his substitute, the Chairman of Committees, as being, by virtue of custom and the traditions of their offices, so thoroughly impartial and independent of party that they have been intrusted with extraordinary power without fear of abuse, though he expresses some anxiety for the future. In your article of October 2 you describe our Speaker as "a furious and reckless partisan, who has openly taken charge of money-making legislation and browbeaten the minority as public enemies." The difference between the two is owing to a process of evolution from the necessities of Congress, just as the Darwinian theory ascribes the growth of the organs of animals to the pressure of their natural wants and circumstances. Every body of men must have one or more leaders. If these are not provided, they will make them for themselves. You cannot get fifty men together, at least of the Anglo-Saxon race, without their choosing a presiding officer and giving him power to

enforce rules and order. For any permanent efficiency, however, there must be another and separate leader for the conduct of business. In the House of Commons this leadership is exercised by the Ministry, thus leaving the Speaker free to exercise his own invaluable functions. In our House of Representatives, on the other hand, there is no leader of business of any kind. The chairmen of the standing committees, who come nearest to it, are only local representatives, speak only for their committees on their special subject, and are themselves so numerous that no one can be called a leader. The only man who can possibly claim such a position is the Speaker, who has thus developed into a leader of both kinds with the result of spoiling both. He cannot be an impartial presiding officer, because he has to push through the party business. He cannot be an effective party leader, because he has no initiative or voice as to the kind of business, but must content himself with pushing through schemes hatched by other party managers under the influence of the lobby, and for which he cannot be held responsible.

The only reform which will be of any use is to provide adequate leaders of business, who can only be the executive heads of the departments, and thus leave our Speaker also free for his proper functions. No help can be expected from Congress, because the present method is most favorable to the party tyranny which a majority always desires. The only hope is in volunteer crusaders who feel the crisis, and are willing to devote themselves to an appeal to the country.

G. B.

BOSTON, October 11, 1890.

THE WORD RUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: But a very few years ago the origin of the word *rum* was a puzzle to the makers of dictionaries. One after another had been content to describe it as "an American or West Indian word." Indeed, even so late as 1889, no attempt was made to deal with the origin of the word, in 'Worcester's Dictionary.' At length, Prof. Skeat of the University of Cambridge expressed dissent. In the second edition of his 'Etymological Dictionary,' he said: "Sometimes said to be a W. Indian or American word; for which there is not the slightest evidence. The etymology of this word has never been pointed out; I think it is obviously a corruption of the Malay *brum*, or *bram*, the loss of *b* being due to want of familiarity with the Malay language," etc., etc.

In 1885 there appeared in *Timehri*, a periodical published in British Guiana, a paper with the title of "The Etymology of the Word Rum." It was written by Mr. Darnell Davis, the Comptroller of Customs of British Guiana. The writer claimed that Rum was a clipped word, and that it was cut off from *Rumbullion*, which was the original name given to the spirit made from the juice of the sugar-cane in the earliest days of its manufacture by the planters of Barbados. Instances of the use of Rumbullion were given in *Timehri*. The first was from a manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, which contains "a brief description of the Island of Barbados," and which, although undated, bears internal evidence of having been written in 1651. In describing the various drinks then in vogue in Barbados, the writer says: "The chief fudding they make in the Island is *Rumbullion* alias *Kill-Divill*, and this is made of sugar-canes distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor." The second instance was taken from a news letter from Leyden, dated 23d Febr-

ary, 1652, and published in No. 90 of *Mercurius Politicus* for the week from the 19th to the 26th of February, 1652. There is a report in that news letter of the latest intelligence from Barbados, which includes the following statement:

"He that brings these tidings to us saith the English Lord Willoughby there, that governs for the King, or rather for himself, hath strengthened all the ports and avenues there, as Carlile, Spike Bay, etc. So that part by the Brandywine wherewith we have furnish'd him, the spirits of *Rumbullion*, which our men there make him, and other good hopes we give him, he becomes Very valiant."

The last instance was taken from volume ii. of Gen. Lefroy's valuable 'Memorials of the Bermudas,' in which the following record was given of an order made on the 27th of November, 1660, at the Assizes: "(L.) John Moclarie, an Irishman, haueing presumptuouslie undertaken to deliver a caske of Rumbullian to the Gouvernor's Negroe woman Sarah Simon to keepe, if not to retaile the same for his advantage, and thereby haueing occasioned great disorder and drunkenesse amongst the Gouvernor's Negroes and others, and the same Rumbullian haueing bin discovered by Mr. John Bristoe, Marshall, It is vnanimously Ordered that the same shall be sold and the produce thereof be bestowed upon the Seochman latelie wounded by Mathew Makennie for his maintainance."

To the foregoing might be added the reference to the "menaces of these *Rumbullion Hectors*," which is made by Gov. William Byam in his Declaration, printed in a very rare tract, entitled 'Surinam Justice,' which was published in London, somewhere about 1663, when Surinam belonged to England.

Rumbullion, it should be pointed out, is an old Devonshire word, meaning a great tumult, and was doubtless taken to Barbados by the men of Devonshire, so many of whom made their home in the tight little island during the great Civil War. Certainly, when men got primed with "this country's spirits," as a Barbados law of 1655 calls them, they were likely to become tumultuous—in fact, tumultuous.

In part i. of Volume VI. of Cassell's 'Encyclopædic Dictionary,' published in 1887, and in the third edition of Prof. Skeat's 'Concise Etymological Dictionary,' the derivation of the word has been accepted as it had been indicated in *Timehri* in 1885. In the former work the authority is given. The latter omits this, but gives details which show the source of information. That they have not been misled has been established by a reference to Dr. Murray, at his "Scriptorium," where is being built up that triumphal monument of the English language called 'A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.' Having his five millions of slips of quotations all carefully arranged, the genial Colossus of Words draws forth the several contributions for the illustration of the word rum, including the paper from *Timehri*. From the quotations submitted to Dr. Murray, the two following require no comment:

(a.) From page 9 of chapter iv. of Burton's 'English Empire in America,' published in 1685:

" . . . fetching their drink from the next Spring, being unacquainted with any other, till the French and English taught them the use of that cursed Liquor, called *Rum*, *Rumbullion*, or *Kill-Devil*, . . . drawn from the dross of sugar and sugar-cane."

(b.) From pages 30 to 34 of Hughes's "American Physician," in Sir T. Pope's 'Blount's Natural History,' 1693, page 146:

" . . . or else they convey it into a copper-still (as they do all their other settings and dregs of sugar) to be distil'd, and make a sort of *Strong-Water*, which they call *Rum*, or *Rumbullion*, stronger than *Spirit of Wine*, and not very pleasant, until a man be us'd to it. This strong liquor is ordinarily drank amongst the planters, as well alone, as made into *Punch*."

It seems hardly necessary to add that Dr. Murray entertains no doubt but that Rum has been clipped from Rumbullion. L. S.
London, September 26, 1890.

INVERSION OF TEMPERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to the nocturnal inversion of temperature, it is my impression that, as a rule, on still nights the air is cooler in valleys than at a moderate height above them, owing to the fact that as it cools it becomes denser. I was familiar with the fact during all my early life in Vermont, on high ground between the Connecticut and Ompomponosuc Rivers. On still, cold winter nights, the temperature at my home was seldom less than 5°, and sometimes as much as 10°, higher than along the Connecticut, two miles away, and about 300 feet lower. Early frosts were invariably more injurious to vegetation in the valleys than on the hills. I noticed the same thing at the Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo, Mich., which is about 150 feet above the level of the town. On one occasion, I remember there was a difference of 8° in favor of the higher ground.

W. L. WORCESTER, M.D.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., October 5, 1890.

READY HANDS FOR DEMOLITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with a certain degree of enthusiasm the letter of my academic superior in the *Nation* of September 25, in which he expresses a hope that Mr. Van Brunt's temporizing plea for the continued existence of the modern buildings at Cambridge may find an adequate answer from a competent hand. It is possible that the A.M. lives farther away from Cambridge than I do, and may not know that hands abound there not only competent to the task which he suggests, but also capable of carrying out to its full consummation Prof. Norton's pregnant hint. Hands abound, and doubtless would be ready, if properly encouraged, to enter upon such tasks with fervor. There seem to be, in fact, even some undergraduates who, fitly inspired and upon proper occasion, such as, e. g., winning a football game from Yale, might be expected to set themselves enthusiastically "to criticise, reprove, and correct the civilization of the time." These vigorous young gentlemen are quite capable of removing the last taint of Richardsonism from the college-yard. They could easily, I should say, not only pull Sever down, but carry it off. As to the superintendence and direction of their work I do not venture to make any suggestion. Prof. Ruskin, I have heard, was found useful in a somewhat analogous position at Oxford a few years ago, when he showed himself the guide, as well as the philosopher and friend, of a body of undergraduates who, for a brief season, were possessed by a zeal for manual labor.

A HARVARD B.A.

Notes.

WE have received from Mr. John Bartlett, Cambridge, Mass., specimen sheets of his forth-

coming 'New and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Words, Phrases, and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakspere,' a quarto volume of 1,650 pages. Its aim is "to present the passages with such fulness that only in exceptional cases will a reference to the context be needed." And on the side of minuteness it includes select examples of "the verbs *to be, to do, to have*, in their different tenses, together with the pronouns, prepositions, interjections, exclamations, and words used as expletives." The text of the *Globe Edition* has been followed. The workmanship is of the University Press.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued a second edition of Mr. Henry T. Finch's 'Chopin, and Other Musical Essays,' and on the 23d instant they will publish his new volume, 'The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour: From Southern California to Alaska; Across the Canadian Pacific; the Yellowstone Park and Grand Cañon,' with twenty full-page illustrations.

Harper & Brothers have nearly ready an illustrated holiday book, 'Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story,' by Prof. J. P. McCaskey, and 'The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland,' by Col. T. W. Knox.

By a curious coincidence, the next two volumes in the series of 'Historic Towns,' edited by Prof. Freeman and Mr. William Hunt, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., are to be histories of old York and of New York. The former is by the Rev. James Raine, Prebendary of York. The latter is by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and as it is the first volume of the series devoted to a city outside of Great Britain, it indicates a welcome enlargement of the scope of the enterprise. Another book of interest to students of American life which the same firm announce, is a 'Hand-book of Political Americanisms,' by Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, greatly amplified from the series of articles which he contributed several years ago to the *Magazine of American History*. Finally, they will follow Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Blue Fairy-Book' with his 'Red Fairy-Book,' drawn from many outlandish sources, and freely illustrated. Mr. Lang's busy hand, by the way, will also be seen this season in his 'Life of Lord Iddesleigh,' and in selections from Burns for the "Parchment Library."

Mr. Austin Dobson has written yet another preface for yet another edition of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' to be illustrated this time by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and to be published by Macmillan & Co.

Mr. W. H. Goodyear is now in London, preparing for the publication of his *magnum opus*, 'The Grammar of the Lotus'—a work which he has had in preparation for several years, and which treats of the history and development of decorative art in the ancient East.

Paul Heyse's 'Children of the World' is set down for immediate publication by Worthington Co.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish 'Doctor Le Baron and his Daughters,' a new story by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

Dr. W. Clarke Robinson of Kenyon College has in the press, to be issued immediately, a book on 'Shakspere, the Man and his Mind,' dedicated to Dr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Oliphant's 'Memoirs of the Life of Laurence Oliphant,' based upon a large mass of his private correspondence, is promised shortly by Blackwood & Sons.

The John W. Lovell Co. reproduce, in their paper "Westminster Series," a sketch of the Oberammergau Passion Play by Canon Far-rar, originally written for the Manchester

Guardian. It is perhaps the best critical estimate of this year's performance that has appeared, and it ought to be especially gratifying to those who truly appreciated the play, as an authoritative vindication of its dignity and propriety. The same book, however, contains an article from Mr. Stead's *New Review*, which suffers badly by contrast with the scholarly criticism that precedes it.

Time is certainly taken by the forelock when the Messrs. Routledge distribute already 'Kate Greenaway's Almanack for 1891.' It is adorned with this artist's customary properties of girls and posies and garlands, daintily arranged and printed in color; and there is a semblance of hand-painted covers, tied with a pink knot.

Gelbie & Co., Philadelphia, have put forth a new edition of Charles Lamb's 'Adventures of Ulysses,' adapted for youthful readers. Mr. Andrew Lang furnishes a preface, in which he makes no allusion to the question of Homer's real existence or undivided authorship, and doubts and denies only his ability to memorize the contents of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' concluding that he availed himself of the art of writing. It is a pity not to have given a better map of the track of Ulysses. The engravings are copies of designs whose origin we cannot determine. The print is open, and there is an index of names.

Prof. Henry Morley prolongs his "Carisbrooke Library" (Geo. Routledge & Sons) with volumes 8, 9, 10, the first being John Stow's 'Survey of London' (1598), that invaluable picture of the city in Shakspere's time; 'Masques and Entertainments,' by Ben Jonson; and 'Ireland under Elizabeth and James the First,' as described by the contemporary pens of Edmund Spenser, Sir John Davies, and Fynes Moryson. All these are preceded by the editor's learned and illuminating introductions. In that to the last-named volume he shows his purpose to have been to exhibit the nature and effect of early English rule in Ireland, as a contribution to the humane solution of the problem which yet vexes both peoples. In Fynes Moryson's 'Description of Ireland' (1600-1603) the closing selection (with which, however, Prof. Morley recommends the reader to begin), we find an earlier use of the word *bonny-clabber* than any cited in Dr. Murray's great Dictionary, where the first reference is to Ben Jonson, 1631. The spelling, too, has been overlooked. Says Moryson (p. 428): "They feed most on white-meats, and esteem for a great dainty sour curds, vulgarly called by them Bonaciabbe."

The section of Literary Theory and Criticism in Prof. Masson's edition of De Quincey's writings (Macmillan) is brought to a close in the eleventh volume. Here are grouped together criticism on German writers—Schlosser, Goethe, Lessing, Richter; on eighteenth century English writers, particularly Pope; on contemporary poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Landor, etc. The onslaught on 'Wilhelm Meister' is followed by praise of Jean Paul, with analeps. Prof. Masson has been kept busy with footnotes in a field so full of controversy, and not wanting in inaccuracies on De Quincey's part, to say nothing of ill or unfruitful judgment.

Last year's success in reissuing 'The Marble Faun' in two volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated with photogravures, has prompted the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to do the same by the 'Old Home' of Hawthorne. The result is perhaps less striking, but the volumes are certainly very comely, with their quiet cover in a green silk or silk-like cloth. The views have been well chosen. There are

portraits of the author, of Nelson, and of Burns. Here and there the text is compared with the original entries in the 'English Note-Books,' and this offers much instruction in style and finish of composition.

The same firm makes over Lowell's 'Fable for Critics,' "with vignette portraits of the authors *de quibus fabula narratur*." These vignettes, however, are mere pen outlines, let into the margin, and, if sometimes suggestive of the original, are often mere caricature, as in the case of Holmes and Whittier. The idea was excellent, but this classic deserved better treatment, and some expense should have been ventured on portraits as nearly contemporaneous with the poem as possible. So we hope the publishers will look upon their present effort as merely that of a 'prentice hand.

Even later than usual this season is the volume of 'Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique,' which MM. Noël and Steuillig have published annually for now fifteen years. The preface this time is by M. Henri Meilhac, and it considers a phase of theatricals wholly unknown among us, prone as we are to follow foreign fashions, for it describes the performances given in the great clubs of Paris, when a play is written by one or more members—generally a *revue*—and acted by members of the club with the aid of professional actresses.

— In 1790, or thereabouts, the London publisher John Newbery, who made a specialty of children's books, issued the original 'Mother Goose's Melody,' which passed through eight editions in the course of twenty years. Nobody can now produce a copy, and it would appear that this nursery classic would have become obsolete in England but for its transfer to America and immense revival here. Isaiah Thomas, the famous printer of Worcester, Mass., was the prime mover in this revival, for he made reprints from Newbery's list, including 'Mother Goose,' this last about the year 1785. The year is in doubt because the covers of the only two copies extant have been torn off. Mr. W. H. Whitmore of Boston has just reproduced this first American edition in facsimile in a small quarto published at Albany by Joel Munsell's Sons. Moreover, he has entered on laborious inquiry as to the origin of "Mother Goose," who (as the narrator of tales like "Little Red-Riding Hood," etc.) is indisputably French, and must be linked with the name of Perrault—*Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*. Mr. Whitmore discredits the unsupported tradition that the old lady was of Boston origin. The 'Melody' begins with John Newbery, and possibly with Oliver Goldsmith, who did hack-work for him at the time, as Mr. Charles Welsh has shown. Newbery's edition, or Thomas's reprint of it, Mr. Whitmore discovers was certainly in the hands of Munroe & Francis when, between 1824 and 1827, they issued in Boston 'Mother Goose's Quarto, or Melodies Complete,' which has proved the parent of an endless progeny on both sides of the Atlantic. Omissions were few, but additions and alterations to Newbery-Thomas many; and there were seventy new cuts, on which the best Boston engravers were employed. We can give but the barest hint of Mr. Whitmore's researches, in a line as difficult to pursue as that of equally perishable cook-books. He bespeaks a new edition, returning to the elder versions, purged of their grossness, of which the specimens retained in the reprint from Thomas cast a curious light (as do Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanacs) on the refinement of the period. He would retain of Newbery also the second part, "containing the lullabies of Shakespear," which the compiler refrained

from leading with the absurd "maxims" of the nursery rhymes proper. Meantime, Mr. Whitmore's pamphlet should be eagerly taken up, for its valuable prefatory bibliography, the queer cuts of the 'Melody,' the Munroe & Francis title-pages, and other reproductions.

—The 13th volume of the *American Journal of Mathematics* opens in a manner that characterizes it as in many respects the first, and in no respect the second, among those great mathematical journals which are devoted to the production of original articles of the profoundest and most exhaustive kind. In addition to the scientific contributions of which we are about to speak, it presents its readers with a fine head of Prof. Cayley. The opening paper, perhaps we ought to say treatise, of the new volume is in German, written by Mellen Woodman Haskell, a name wholly English; and, in fact, the paper is the work of a pupil (presumably an American) of the distinguished German mathematician, Prof. F. Klein of Vienna, and was prepared at the latter's suggestion and under his guidance. It contains abundant evidence that the pupil was very far from being a mere amanuensis. The paper occupies more than 50 pp. of the *Journal*. It is an elaborate exposition of a new method, invented by Prof. Klein, of representing geometrically, by means of a curve of the 4th order, an algebraical function of the fourth degree having 168 values. The second paper is by Prof. Cayley, "On a Soluble Quintic Equation" (6 pp.). The greater part of it is purely arithmetical, and it is amusing to observe that the purely numerical equation at the bottom of p. 57, to which the author appends the emphatic declaration "which is right," is certainly wrong, although undoubtedly the compositor and proof-reader and not the great mathematician are responsible for the error. The last term is printed "10000" when it should be "100000." The remaining 38 pp. of this number of the *Journal* are occupied by Dr. Oskar Bolza, who begins the reproduction of a course of lectures which he delivered last year at the Johns Hopkins University, "On the Theory of Substitution-Groups and its Application to Algebraical Equations." This paper is especially worthy of the attention of mathematical students and professors because, as the editor of the *Journal* remarks in a note, "no separate work" on the subject "is found in the English language." Dr. Bolza has gathered together and moulded into a regular treatise all that is known on the subject at the present time. We presume that for some time to come the pages of the *Journal* will remain the only source of information on this important subject accessible to the English student.

—The English Dialect Society looks forward to a cessation from its labors in 1892. Nine glossaries yet remain to be published, but as the rate of issue is, on the average, only two per annum, the last report of the Society fore-shadows a reluctant abandonment of one-half. This is a pity; and as it is only a question of funds, it would seem as if the \$2,500 needed to finish up the work might be forthcoming even from a single donor. The way would then be clear for the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer's English Dialect Dictionary, which is to be the next lexicographical achievement of our indefatigable kinsmen across the water. To this enterprise—unlike Dr. Murray's Dictionary—Americans can contribute only with money. The Society's publications for the current year have lately come to hand, bearing the Trübner imprint as of yore, but protracted into "Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited." No. 60 is entitled 'English Dialects, their

Sounds and Homes,' by Alexander J. Ellis, who has effected an abridgment of Part 5 of his 'Early English Pronunciation,' with a selection of the examples reduced to the Glossic notation. It indicates as accurately as may be "the prevalent non-received pronunciation of certain districts into which the English-speaking portion of England, Wales, and Scotland has been mapped out." The maps are two, viz., of England and Wales, and of Scotland (for the Lowland dialect), and these are colored and numbered in a manner too elaborate to be more than referred to here. Nor can any one without earnest study master the bounds of the "sum line" and the "suom line," the "Southern teeth" and the "Northern dteeth line," and all the rest of this scientific apparatus. We must confine ourselves to a citation from p. 57, in which Mr. Ellis says: "It is remarkable that in the American Colonies, afterwards the United States, a distinctly East-Anglian character was introduced, and that in the Australian Colonies the whole speech is modelled upon the N. and E. London, or so-called Cockney habits, which are essentially M.E. [Mid Eastern], and especially Es. [Essex], rather exaggerated than obliterated."

—No. 61 is a "Glossary of Dialect and Archaic Words Used in the County of Gloucester," compiled by J. Drummond Robertson, and edited by Lord Moreton. This territory is mapped on a convenient scale to show local peculiarities. It is divided by the Severn into two unequal parts, of which one has two and the other six dialectic subdivisions. No fewer than eight counties, including Shakspere's, touch upon Gloucestershire, and it is no wonder that the Shakspelian illustrations are very numerous. Under *breeze* (gad-fly), in the Addenda, surprise is expressed that Shakspere's use of the word is unrecorded in the 'New English Dictionary.' Dr. Murray's recent discussion of the derivation of *cockney* leads us to notice that *eye* (p. 45) is defined, on authority, 'a brood of pheasants'; and the compiler adds: "'I never got an *eye*,' is a phrase I have heard used in Gloucester of a hen which has failed to hatch a sitting of eggs. Has this any connection with *Ei*, an egg?" Geometry being considered magic, we are told, *jommetry* is "used of anything supported in an unknown manner," as, "It hangs by *jommetry*." The old North Cotswold shepherd tells of having learned nought at school—"nether ready, wryt, nar zummy." A man's decease is regularly denoted by the expression, "He's gone dead." Of a lazy person they say, "He was born tired"; and, recalling Miss Edgeworth's "Lazy Lawrence," we may remark the Gloucestershire synonym for indolence, viz., "He has a vit o' Laurence on un." "I'll give you *best* at that," signifies confession of inferiority. *Byer* is a rather poetic word for lonelier—as of a road. *Hamperment* for perplexity is a racy localism. References to American usage are frequent in this Glossary; here is one overlooked as such, the "So long!" of parting (*au revoir*). "It is not thought lucky to say 'good-bye,' which points to a long parting." There are numerous capital specimens of the dialect in prose and verse, and we will close with a line from the ballad, "George Ridler's Oven," for the sake of its insinuation of the jolly George's baldness:

"And his yead it graved above his yare."

CLIVE.

Lord Clive. By Sir Charles Wilson. [English Men of Action.] Macmillan. 1890.

CLIVE is one of the most interesting figures in

modern military history, because his career recalls those famous soldiers of antiquity whom fortune called, with little or no previous experience, from among ordinary citizens to win renown by feats of arms. He had no professional training, not having been intended for the army, and seems never to have cared much about strategy as an art. He never had to fight against European regulars, and had at no time a force exceeding 5,000 men under his command. Yet his exploits were such as might have done credit to the most skilful captains, and such as few or none of his contemporaries, with the possible exception of Frederick of Prussia, could have performed. They were accomplished not by deep-laid plans or intricate combinations, but by an extraordinary energy, boldness, and swiftness, coupled with great self-confidence, perfect coolness and clearness of head in a crisis, and the most undaunted personal courage. Clive was one of those men of whom it may be said that they must have come to the front in almost any line of active life; yet no one seems to have discovered his talents till he first obtained a chance of independent command; and he was remarkable as a boy only for audacity and insubordination. He resembles many of the ancient commanders in the extent to which this personal courage served him. Over and over again he had hair-breadth escapes from death in personal conflicts, and the marvellous a-cendency which he acquired over his soldiers was very largely due to this quality, which procured for him the name by which he became famous within a few years over India, that of *Subut Jung*, or "the daring in war."

But along with this there went a singularly active and penetrating mind, which was always pondering on the phenomena of the Eastern world in which his lot was cast, and studying how to turn them to the best advantage. He soon became (again like many of the great ancient commanders, and like some among the other English conquerors of India) a politician as well as a soldier, following up by diplomacy what had been won by the sword. It is, indeed, remarkable that the longer he lived the less he desired to use the sword, and the more he preferred to rely upon political methods, in this resembling Cromwell rather than Napoleon, who could never withstand the temptation to play for higher and higher stakes at the game in which his first triumphs had been secured. Clive resisted the intoxication of success, and refused in later life occasions for fighting when glory and wealth might easily have been secured, because he was disposed rather to attain moderate aims by pacific means.

His career—that is to say, his Indian career, to which his actions in England are mere interludes of less permanent interest—falls into three periods. The first begins in the year 1751, when the capture of Arcot revealed his extraordinary talents, and ends in 1753, when he returned to England. He was only twenty-six, and a simple captain of infantry, when the rapid succession of exploits against the French and their native allies in the Carnatic—which is now the southeastern part of the Presidency of Madras—marked him out as the best man England had in the East. As Sir Charles Wilson observes, he had already then discerned the two facts to which the Oriental triumphs of England there have been due, viz., the possibility of making, by good training and bold leading, effective soldiers of the natives of India, and the wisdom of vigor and swiftness in dealing with Orientals. Dupleix, the famous French Governor of Pondicherry at that time, and perhaps the most formidable

antagonist whom the English have ever had to meet in India, had already acted upon similar principles, and Clive doubtless profited by his example. Dupleix, however, was not himself a soldier, and the support he had from France was even less than that which the English at Madras obtained from home. These two years were enough to overthrow Dupleix's schemes, and to give England a preponderance in Southern India which she never subsequently, except for one brief space, forfeited.

The second period of Clive's action lay in Bengal during the years 1756 to 1760. He had here chiefly native antagonists to contend with, and none of these men of capacity. The disparity, however, between his forces and those of the Nawab of Bengal was so enormous, and the complexity of Bengal politics so great, that his success is hardly less striking than that he had achieved in the Carnatic. This success was gained by craft and intrigue, which in one instance degenerated into fraud, no less than by arms. Clive's military gifts, and in particular his activity and daring, were conspicuous now as they had been before; but he had comparatively little fighting to do, and was becoming a diplomatist and statesman rather than a soldier. Having crushed the French and the Dutch, neither of whom had strong forces at their command, and having overthrown the Nawab in one battle (Plassey, fought in 1757), Bengal lay at his feet, and the ruler whom he set up was virtually a mere dependent of the English. By a remarkable coincidence, it was at this very time that the famous Afghan chief, Ahmed Shah Durrani, defeated the Mahrattas in the great battle of Panipat and captured Delhi, thus shattering the prestige of the titular sovereigns of India, while inflicting on the strongest native military power—for such the Mahrattas then were—a blow from which it never quite recovered. Thus it came to pass that these four years of Clive's rule laid the foundations of British rule, making the English name feared, and establishing the immeasurable superiority of European troops over native armies.

The third period, separated from the second by an interval of nearly five years spent in England, mainly in struggles for the control of the Board of Directors of the East India Company, was still shorter than the two preceding, and gave no opportunity for the display of military talents. Clive appears in it partly as the statesman, resettling the relations between the English and the native powers, which had been brought into confusion by the unwisdom of those who had represented the East India Company at Calcutta since 1760; partly as the administrator, who found in existence abuses among the civil and military servants of the Company in Bengal the most flagrant and scandalous that have ever disgraced British rule in any conquered country. Clive remained only twenty months in India, the state of his health compelling a return to England sooner than he had desired. But in that time he was able to strike boldly and decisively at these scandals, so as to keep within bounds both the tyranny and the corruption of the services until the time came when a settled and regular administration could be introduced. He had to confront not only the furious resistance of the civilians, but a sort of mutiny or strike among the officers, and triumphed by boldness and firmness over both. On the death of the Nawab of Bengal, whom he had set up in the place of Surajah Dowlah after the victory of Plassey, a resettlement of the relations of the Company to the native rulers became necessary, and Clive, in taking for his British employers the *Diwani*, or finan-

cial administration of the three great provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, made them at one step the leading authority in India and the virtual protectors of their nominal suzerain, the Great Mogul at Delhi. That prince, who at the moment had been driven away from his capital, besought Clive's intervention to restore him to the throne of Delhi; but with a caution and prudence contrasting remarkably with the dash of his earlier days, Clive forbore to undertake the wider responsibilities which a march to the Jumna would have involved, though he doubtless foresaw that the time would come when Delhi itself and Upper India as far as the borders of the Punjab would fall under the influence or rule of the Company.

On his return to England after these great services, Clive had to learn that it is not the most real and disinterested services that are best appreciated. He deserved nothing but praise for his reforms in Bengal, and he had taken no opportunity of adding to his fortune, having, indeed, spent in this third period of rule more than he received. But he had made far more enemies by his recent good deeds than by his former bad ones. Those whose exactions and oppressions he had checked, and a large band of their friends in England, stirred up public opinion against him. They attacked him, not only in the press, but in Parliament, and as they found that he was able to justify his administration in the third period, and to prove that he had gained nothing for himself by the measures which had so much irritated the wrong-doers in Bengal, they recurred to the more questionable acts of the second period, some of which could hardly be defended, though they had been already condoned by the Company, and were doubtless palliated by the conditions and temptations among which Clive stood. As Sir Charles Wilson justly observes, he ought to be compared, not to regular commanders like Sir Arthur Wellesley, or regular governors like Marquis Wellesley, but to military adventurers like Hernan Cortes or Francesco Pizarro. Beside them, and especially beside the far more vulgar and brutal Pizarro, Clive comes out well. There is not much deceit to reproach him with, and hardly any cruelty; nor are his acts of self-aggrandizement to be named along with the rapacity of the Spanish conquerors.

However, these attacks embittered the short period of life that remained to him; for within a few months after the Parliamentary conflict was decided in his favor, the sufferings which he had to endure from a painful malady drove him to self-inflicted death. At least once before, in his early days at Madras, he had attempted his own life; and the natural moodiness and despondency of his temper, which only vigorous action could relieve, was aggravated by the pressure of disease. He seems to have had very few healthy hours in his life of forty-eight years, and this fact may fairly be allowed to excuse the occasional violence and acerbity of his temper. We are not surprised to be told that he was overbearing, haughty, and deficient in personal geniality; but he proved himself more than once a loyal friend, and showed as much generosity towards his family and dependents as he did ostentation in the management of his household and the adornment of his own person—a failing which, however, he reserved for England, for in India he scorned the Oriental pomp which Dupleix had affected, and impressed the native mind by severe simplicity.

Those who remember Sir Charles Wilson's narrative of the British Expedition to Khartum in 1884-5, will find in this book the same

admirable qualities of style—clearness, terseness, directness, a skilful selection of the points most interesting to the average reader, yet a complete avoidance of sensationalism or "word painting," together with a singularly calm and luminous judgment. The difficulty of compressing such an eventful life as Clive's into so small a compass is one which few can appreciate save those who have attempted a similar task; and though there are many points on which the reader will desire to know more, he will, we think, feel that the allotted space has been used in the best available way.

We will close with one reflection which Sir Charles Wilson has not dwelt on, though it arises from his narrative; probably he has thought it too obvious to need making. England seems to have had little or no sense of the magnitude of the work which Clive was doing for her in India. Plassey gave her in 1757 the lordship of the East, as the battle of the Heights of Abraham gave her in 1759 the lordship of the West, though in twenty years by far the larger part of that lordship was to pass away from her crown, if not from her blood and speech. A recent English writer (Prof. Seeley), whose power of style perhaps exceeds the accuracy and penetration of his thought, has stated with great force the view that the wars of the eighteenth century were waged by England for colonial dominion. True it is that colonial dominion has been their chief result. But it was not the leading or even a leading motive in the minds of those who began or directed those wars. The Government of King George the Second gave a faint and halting support to those who saved Southern India, and therewith probably all India, from the grasp of Dupleix and Lally. Clive was not effectively supported in Bengal, and, when he returned with the laurels of Plassey, could not obtain that red ribbon of the Order of the Bath which it seems now the English fashion to bestow on every respectable military or naval officer who lives long enough as a general or an admiral. Her position as a sea power naturally led Great Britain to attack and annex the transmarine acquisitions of other European Powers, such as Spain, France, and Holland, when she happened to be at war with them. She did not set out with any idea of founding a colonial empire. That empire grew of itself by the force of circumstances.

THE EARLY BIOGRAPHERS OF DANTE

Dante and his Early Biographers. By Edward Moore, D.D. London: Rivingtons. Sm. 8vo, pp. viii, 181. 1890.

The good fortune of Dante and of Shakspeare in leaving little record of their lives has often been remarked, but the reflection that this is also fortunate for the readers of their works has, perhaps, been less frequent. To know the main outlines of the life of a poet is enough, —the large relations in which he stood to his contemporaries and the world. How well it would be if we knew as little of the life of Shelley as of Spenser! How needless is a biography of Wordsworth! The greater the poet, the more universal his genius, and the deeper the sources from which he drew inspiration, the less desirable is acquaintance with the petty details of his daily commerce with men, or the knowledge of his common bed and board. His personal experiences may color his feeling and give form to the expression of his thought, but as material for his imagination they lose their personal quality, they become typical, and representative of wider interests than those of any individual man. Dante makes

himself the protagonist of his poem, but, as he himself says, its subject is man.

In this little volume on Dante and his early biographers, Dr. Moore gives an account of the biographies of Dante written within a century and a half after his death, and discusses, with characteristic learning and good sense, their credibility and authority. Dante himself is the first and most trustworthy witness concerning the events and circumstances of his life. From him we learn of his birthplace and his family, of his chief friends and early love, of his youthful education and later studies, of his beginnings in poetry, of his employment in public affairs, of his banishment, and of his wanderings in exile. He gives us a clear and sufficient outline of the course of his external life.

The first account of him by a contemporary is that by Giovanni Villani in his 'Chronicle' (ix, 136) accompanying the mention of his death. It is brief, but interesting, because Villani speaks from personal acquaintance with the poet, who, he says, had been his neighbor (*il nostro vicino*). Villani had a just appreciation of his greatness, and speaks of his work in fit terms. His closing words are:

"This Dante, because of his knowledge, was somewhat arrogant, reserved, and haughty, and, as it were, like an ungracious philosopher, knew not well how to deal with unlettered folk; but, because of the other virtues and knowledge and worth of so great a citizen, it seems to us fitting to give him an enduring record in this our Chronicle, notwithstanding that the noble works left by him in writing afford true witness of him, and to our city honorable fame."

These words of Villani's stand as the first attempt at reparation for the wrong done by Florence to her greatest citizen. Three notices of the poet are to be found in the Comment on the 'Divine Comedy' known as the *Ottimo*, which was compiled within less than twenty years after his death. All of them are interesting, especially the famous note on *Inferno* x. 85, which runs as follows: "I, the writer, heard Dante say that the rhyme never led him to say aught but what he intended, but that many a time and oft he made words say in his rhymes other than that which, for other poets, they were wont to express." In the note on *Inferno* xiii. 144, the writer says that, in compliance with his request, Dante narrated to him the old tradition concerning the foundation of Florence and its relation to the god Mars. The note on *Paradiso* xvii. 61 contains a somewhat doubtful statement as to the motives of Dante's separation from his companions in exile.

This is all the direct biographical information that we have concerning Dante from his immediate contemporaries. The first formal biography of him is that of Boccaccio, written probably near the middle of the fourteenth century, twenty or thirty years after Dante's death. Though it contains but a scanty narrative and a poor supply of facts, and is in the main little more than a rhetorical composition, it yet affords some trustworthy and not unimportant information. Boccaccio was eight years old when Dante died, he knew intimately many Florentines who had been acquainted with the poet, he was thoroughly versed in the life of the city, its family histories, its traditions, and its customs. The meagreness of his narrative is therefore disappointing, but it is to be accounted for by the special quality of his literary temperament, and by the fact that this 'Life' is one of the first attempts at biography in modern literature. The inquisitive spirit of curiosity concerning the experiences and characteristics of eminent

men, no less than the critical spirit of investigation, was still generally dormant.

The 'Life' has come down to us in two forms, and there has been much discussion as to whether both are the work of Boccaccio, or whether one of them is a remodelling of his original treatise, of later date and of uncertain authorship. One of the ablest of the younger school of Italian students of the early literature of Italy, Signor Macri-Leoni, has lately investigated the subject with great thoroughness, and seems to have proved, what others have believed on less careful sifting of the evidence, that the longer form of the 'Life,' distinguished as the *Vita Intera*, is the genuine work of Boccaccio, while the other, known as the *Compendio*, is an inferior abridgment of it, with arbitrary and hurtful changes, the compilation of some unknown writer of the fifteenth century. Dr. Moore adopts and strongly maintains this conclusion.

But, although the genuine 'Life' contains comparatively little information, it is on several points of interest the only, and on others the chief, authority. For instance, it is from Boccaccio, and from him alone, that we learn the family name of Beatrice, that she was the daughter of Folco Portinari, and (from his Comment on the 'Divine Comedy') that she was the wife of Simone de' Bardi. These statements are of interest as bearing on the question of the literal and historical reality of Beatrice. The view that she was a mere allegorical creation of Dante's poetic imagination has been, and still is, zealously maintained by many intelligent students of Dante's works, in spite of what seems to us abundant and convincing internal evidence to the contrary. Boccaccio's notices of her show that he had no doubt of her actual existence, and indicate that this was the common belief. But the correctness of his identification of her as the daughter of Folco Portinari and the wife of Simone de' Bardi, is another matter. This identification has been almost universally adopted by those who have held to her reality as a woman, and Dr. Moore argues ably in its support. But to us it seems impossible that it should be correct. The evidence which the 'New Life' and the 'Divine Comedy' afford that the Beatrice of Dante died unmarried is practically incontrovertible.

At the very least, the evidence of these books is conclusive that Dante would have his readers believe so. And we do believe so, in spite of Boccaccio's positive statement, because it is much easier to account for the existence of a report that Beatrice de' Bardi was the original of Dante's Beatrice than it is to credit the idea that the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Divine Comedy' are consecrated to the exaltation of a married woman. Who the real Beatrice was may never be known; but we must believe that she was one who could rightly confess her love for Dante (*Amor mi mosse*), and, in her reproof of the wanderings of his desires, rightly refer to that beauty of hers which, so long as it was on earth, had given him pure and legitimate delight beyond aught else in nature or in art.

After his discussion of Boccaccio's 'Life' of the poet, Dr. Moore takes up in succession the later lives by Filippo Villani, Leonardo Bruni, Manetti, and Filelfo, analyzing their contents, and describing their various claims to authority; and in a final chapter he collects what may be learned from these biographers and other sources concerning Dante's personal traits and characteristics. This part of his little volume is of special interest. There are, indeed, some omissions in it of matters that bear on the subject, concerning which the reader

would gladly have learned Dr. Moore's opinion. For example, but perhaps with good reason, he does not refer to the famous Letter of Fra Ilario. Considering, however, the importance which has been ascribed to this letter, which, if genuine, would be one of the most interesting contemporary documents relating to Dante, and considering, also, that its claims to authenticity have not, so far as we are aware, been thoroughly discussed by any writer in English,* the omission to say even a word concerning it may be regretted.

The Letter is in Latin, and purports to be addressed to the illustrious Ghibelline leader, Ugccione della Faggiuola, by a brother of the Monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo. It describes a visit of Dante to the monastery, and narrates at considerable length a conversation with him concerning his poem. The most striking passage of the letter is familiar to all readers about Dante. It runs as follows:

"Ecce igitur, quod cum iste homo ad partes ultramontanas ire intenderet, et per lunensem diecensem transitum faceret, sive loci devotione, sive alia causa motus, ad locum monasterii supradicti se transtulit. Quem ego cum videam, adhuc et mihi et aliis fratribus meis ignotum, interrogavi quid peteret; et cum ipse verbum non reddieret, sed loci tamen constructionem inspiceret, iterum interrogavi quid peteret. Tunc ille, circumspexit mecum fratribus, dixit—*Facem.*"†

The romantic character of this description is fitted to excite suspicion, so much is it in the style of that story-telling of which Boccaccio was the chief master in the middle of the fourteenth century. And the suspicion is quickened by the circumstance that the Letter is found in but a single codex, made up, like a scrapbook, of various short pieces, and that this codex originally belonged to Boccaccio. Moreover there is a passage in the Letter in which the writer professes to give in Dante's own words his reasons for writing the 'Divine Comedy' in Italian rather than in Latin, and this passage is so similar to that in Boccaccio's 'Life' of the poet which deals with the same subject (in great part being identical with it in phrase) that there can be no doubt that either both were written by the same author, or that one is the direct source of the other. Furthermore Fra Ilario cites two verses and a half of a beginning of the poem in Latin, which, he says, Dante repeated to him. The same verses and no more are given by Boccaccio in the 'Life.' It seems impossible to doubt that either Boccaccio had at hand the Letter at the time he wrote the 'Life,' or that the Letter is of later date than the 'Life,' and, consequently, not a narrative written at the time of the supposed visit of Dante to the monastery. But there is still another consideration which bears on the matter. In the 'Life' Boccaccio states that it was Dante's intention, according to the report of some persons—*secondo il ragionare d'alcuno*—to dedicate the three parts of his poem respectively to Ugccione della Faggiuola, Moruello Malaspina, and Frederick III., King of Sicily. Others, he adds, maintain that he dedicated the whole to Cane della Scala; "but which of these opinions is the truth is uncertain, for we have no evidence but the mere assertion of different

* Mr. Longfellow, in his "Illustrations" to his translation, printed it without comment, as if he accepted it as genuine. Dean Pumpte, without disputing the judgment that rejects it as apocryphal, adduces arguments in favor of its genuineness, and speaks of it as, "If not genuine, a work of genius."

† Dr. Parsons has virtually translated these words in his fine poem "On a Bust of Dante":

"Not wholly such his haggard look,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was cast."

persons (*il volontario ragionare di diversi*).” Now, in the *Fra Ilario* Letter, the writer states that *Dante told him* that he proposed to dedicate the three parts of his poem to the three named personages. If, then, the Letter had been genuine, in which case, as we have seen, Boccaccio had it before him when writing the ‘Life,’ he could scarcely have said that there was no evidence concerning Dante’s purpose except *il volontario ragionare* of different persons.

These facts and others of like nature lead to the conclusion that the Letter is not what it purports to be, but is a fancy piece not improbably composed by Boccaccio himself. And this conclusion is confirmed by the internal evidence afforded by the character ascribed in it to Dante. It is a conclusion eminently satisfactory to one who, from study of Dante’s works, has so learned to know their author that he finds it difficult to conceive of him as he is represented in the Letter. He was, if we trust his own evidence as well as that of Villani, *schifo e disdegno*, not a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, to expand in ready confidence to a stranger, and to exhibit the affectations of a sentimentalism such as might be appropriate to a weaker nature, and to a later and feebler generation—the generation of Petrarch and Boccaccio. The whole account lacks verisimilitude. It is a piece that shows more of the author of the ‘Decameron’ than of the ‘Divine Comedy.’

Signor Macri-Leoni has lately promised a full investigation of the *Fra Ilario* fiction. It will be looked for with interest, though there is so little need of confirmation of its apocryphal character that Scartazzini, in his recent valuable but disappointing volume of *Prolegomena to the ‘Divine Comedy’*, dismisses it without ceremony as “a silly and ridiculous imposture.”

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

Notre Coeur. Par Guy de Maupassant. New York: F. W. Christern.

Two young men now dispute the field of advanced French fiction together; and though they have many points of resemblance—writing as they do about the same high society of the monarchical salons, of which both are members and partisans—they differ very much in temperament and consequently in the treatment of their material. The style of Paul Bourget is uneasy, labored, and intricate. He affects, too, a little the ephemeral Anglomania of Paris. He is a student of English literature and philosophical essays, and one meets in his pages, too often with a feeling of displeasure, English phrases lugged in by the ears, and in questionable taste. Maupassant, on the contrary, is French without the slightest cosmopolitan touch to him, and his style is as different from Bourget’s as Tacitus’s from Carlyle’s; for, trained by Gustave Flaubert to use his language with scrupulous nicety, his stories are marvels of terseness, vigor, and lucidity. His phrases seem compact without effort, swift, consecutive, and keen. Bourget, who has written some essays on contemporary psychology, sets his people to moving through the simple yet tense crises in which he wishes to portray them, while he shows to the reader their motives, half-motives, quarter-motives, and even unknown self-deceptions and propulsions, with really unusual scientific accuracy, yet taking away from the vitality of his subjects an indefinable something, as if he had chloroformed them for the operation. Maupassant, on the other hand, tells his story, usually of some equally simple crisis in a life,

limpidly, quietly, without apparent eye to *arrière-pensées* of any sort, and lets the inevitable conclusion point its own moral.

On finishing Maupassant’s present story directly after we had read Bourget’s “*Un Coeur de Femme*,” we could hardly resist the impression that they had been written by previous agreement, like the friendly contest between Leigh Hunt and Keats as to who could write the best sonnet on “*The Cricket*.” In the first place, the publication of them was so nearly simultaneous that it is easy to fancy that they might have been begun and finished at about the same time. The titles, too, are nearly identical. Indeed, if Maupassant’s had been “*Un Coeur d’Homme*,” instead of the somewhat vaguer “*Notre Coeur*,” conjecture would seem certainty, for each author has taken up the same theme, namely, that a human heart is capable at the same time of maintaining two loves, each distinct in itself. While Bourget has illustrated this by the trial of a woman distracted between two men, Maupassant has presented the converse proposition of a man torn between two women. The two solutions are interesting.

Both seem to agree that love is very seldom reciprocal, there being in the same heart (scientifically speaking) two poles, as it were—the pole of attraction (usually sensual) towards another, and the pole of self-flattery, if it may be so termed, which is intellectual, and points towards the pleasure given to one person by another’s evident adoration. Starting from this basis, Bourget shows us Mme. de Tillière, a quiet recluse, shy and withdrawn from the world, engaged in a liaison with a super-sensitive, half-invalid man, without physical charm, whose misfortunes have won her pity, whose talents and fame have impressed her mind, and whose dependence upon her and worship of her have become to her a constant source of self-gratification. The opposite pole is inclined when she meets a notorious *vieux*, rich, handsome, blaé; gradually at first, and then with almost brutal violence, till she sees a moral wreck inevitable, and, tearing herself away from all further compromises, ends her heart’s mystery and tragedy in a convent.

Maupassant deals with a man’s torments under this divided empire of the love-poles. André Mariolle, an impressionable, purposeless dilettante, becomes wildly enamored of Mme. de Burne, a young widow withdrawn from the gay world, whose brilliancy, beauty, and wit have gathered around her a small salon of talent, over which she presides impartially, in spite of the fact that nearly all its members are or have been unsuccessful and jealous suitors. Mariolle courts her in an extraordinary way, certainly original, sending her every night for a long period a burning love-letter, and at the same time maintaining in her salon the utmost discretion and tranquility. Finally she yields to him—acknowledging the influence of the pole of intellectual vanity—and begins with him a secret *liaison* with which for a time he is wholly contented. He soon, however, understands that he cannot inspire the *grande passion*—that he merely ministers to her vanity. She becomes bored in his presence: “Il semblait que son cœur ne fut point entré avec elle. Il était resté quelque part, très loin, distrait par de petites choses”; and Mariolle, perceiving this, grows more and more dissatisfied with the merely friendly return she makes to his absorbing passion, and, by constant vain endeavor to arouse a return of it, more and more wretched, till he breaks abruptly off from his slavery, and goes into solitary hiding in a little house which he rents at Fontainebleau for the summer.

Here he meets, on his occasional visits to a neighboring inn, an agreeable little waitress with a good figure—a virtuous girl, too. It chances, just before one of these visits, that some visitor has insulted her, and Mariolle, learning of it, takes her away from the inn and installs her as waitress in his new house. There he soon divines (by her increased attention to her dress and her bearing towards him) that she has fallen in love with him; and to his wounded pride this feeling that here is a woman at least who does not scorn him, is pleasing and consoling. A sudden illness, in which the maid becomes nurse—a convalescence, in which she reads to him and becomes his companion—makes Mariolle more and more dependent upon her. Elizabeth replaces with her warm affection the chilly tolerance of Mme. de Burne.

Now, however, the image of the latter, the unattainable love, rises more clearly and charmingly than ever before Mariolle’s eyes; and, more than ever discontented, he reveals his hiding-place to Mme. de Burne, with characteristic brusqueness, by telegram. She does not hesitate. She comes at once to Fontainebleau to seek out her exiled lover, still drawn to him by the flattery of his love; but, before renewing their friendship, she decides that all effort to arouse a *grande passion* between them will but work sorrow to both, and she tells him that their future relations must be purely platonic. Mariolle reflects, consents, sends her back to Paris; and, consoling Elizabeth, whom the apparition of the strange lady had thrown into a panic of fear and jealousy, he promises to take her back to Paris and maintain her near him in a separate establishment. Thus the novel ends. Mme. de Tillière, being a woman, could not waver between the two poles of loving and being loved without perishing; so she took herself out of the world; but Mariolle, a man, can at least make the experiment of keeping on terms with both—the worldly, spiritual beauty whom he worships, and who merely esteems him, and the little bourgeois with the pleasant face, whose deep attachment for him flatters and consoles him, and for whom he feels gratitude and pity. How his experiment succeeds we are left to conjecture.

The resemblance between the two tales may be traced further in many small details. For instance, both Mme. de Tillière and Mme. de Burne are young widows and childless; both keep small unworldly salons uniquely for literary and artistic Bohemians with whom the hostess is on terms of intimate and indifferent friendship. Mariolle and Mme. de Tillière, too, are not unlike. Both are shy, reserved, secluded, and sought after without success. Mme. de Tillière has never loved a man, Mariolle has never loved a woman. The officiousness of a friend plunges Bourget’s heroine into the whirlpool from which she finally emerges battered and stranded, and the same officiousness of a friend draws André Mariolle forth from his quiet haven into the troubled waters in which we leave him still eddying. ‘*Notre Coeur*’ contains, it is true, several unmistakable Maupassanteries (if we may coin the word), such as his always beautiful descriptions of nature, which in this book include Paris, the Fontainebleau forest, and his beloved Mont Saint-Michel, that “feu d’artifice de pierres, dentelle de granit,” which he describes with every succeeding attempt more and more graphically, and, it would seem, with warmer and warmer affection. His characters, too, are drawn with his usual confidence; but the whole book has a certain unreality about it, a feeling of *génie*, unusual in his books, as if his

hand, taking awkwardly to the scalpel which Bourget plies so deftly, had shaken a little in this first experiment.

Autobiography of Anton Rubinstein. Translated from the Russian by Aline Delar o Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890. Pp. 171.

RUBINSTEIN, the most inspired of living composers, differs from the generality of modern musicians, not only in the way in which he has refused to submit to Wagner's influence, but also in his aversion to using his pen for any other purpose than that of making the dots, lines, and pauses which constitute a musical manuscript. His activity as a composer has been astounding—his publisher's catalogue of his compositions covers forty-eight quarto pages—whereas his contributions to musical literature have hitherto consisted chiefly of a few essays on Russian music and on the sacred opera or secular oratorio; and, as he himself tells us, his "future biographer will not even enjoy the pleasure of collecting my correspondence, since it has absolutely no existence. I am not a friend to the pen, and especially do I dislike letter-writing." Nevertheless, he consented, a year or two ago, to tell the story of his life, and a stenographer was engaged to take down this autobiographic interview. The result is the present narrative, which, sketchy and meagre as it is in many places where we should be delighted to have further information, is yet full of interesting comments and suggestions.

It cannot but be a matter of satisfaction for Americans to learn from Rubinstein that his tour in this country laid the foundation of his prosperity. In his early days he gave lessons at a cheap rate, and for a year and a half lived in an attic in Vienna—often suffering the pangs of hunger—till Liszt took pity on him. It was Liszt who advised Rubinstein's Russian teacher, Villoing, to take him to Germany to complete his musical education. "At this time," he says, "I was a devoted imitator of Liszt, of his manners and movements, his trick of tossing back his hair, his way of holding his hands, of all the peculiar movements of his playing; which naturally called forth a smile from those who had heard Liszt, and perhaps also increased the interest felt in the boy virtuoso." Yet when, a little later, he called on Liszt in Vienna, he was somewhat coldly received, and was told to remember that a talented man must win the goal of his ambition by his own unassisted efforts; which, says Rubinstein, "estranged me from him." Two months later, however, Liszt called on him, was shocked at the evidence of poverty in his room, "and in the most friendly manner invited me to dine with him the same day—a most welcome invitation, since the pangs of hunger had been gnawing me for several days. After this I was always on good terms with Liszt until the time of his death."

During this period his compositions did not bring him in anything worth mentioning, and, like a spring poet, he had to consider himself lucky if he found a publisher willing to print them at all. Even later, when his lessons paid better and his concerts were well attended, he led an artist's Bohemian life, the result of which was "feasting when money was plenty, and going hungry when it was gone." In 1847 he was on the point of emigrating to America with two musical friends, but was dissuaded by Dehn, his teacher in the theory of music. It was twenty-five years after this that he was offered \$40,000 to make a concert tour in America with Wieniawski. He accepted, and gave 215 concerts in this country.

"For a time," he says, "I was under the entire control of the manager. May heaven preserve us from such slavery. . . . The receipts and the success were invariably gratifying, but it was all so tedious that I began to despise myself and my art. So profound was my dissatisfaction that when, several years later, I was asked to repeat my American tour, with \$100,000 guaranteed to me, I refused point-blank."

On another page, where he urges the introduction of musical instruction in Russian educational institutions, he does us the honor to bracket us with Germany: "Look at Germany and America, and see how they do things in those countries." And on p. 118 he gives his opinion that "of the German people at least 50 per cent understand music; of the French, not more than 16 per cent.; while among the English—the least musical of people—not more than 2 per cent. can be found who have any knowledge of music. Even the Americans," he adds, "have a higher appreciation of music than the English."

It was his admiration of German music, combined with his German name, that caused Rubinstein, oddly enough, as he says, to be considered a German in Russia, while in Germany he was regarded as a Russian. In art he is a true cosmopolite; and while his orchestral music roots in Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, and his piano compositions in Chopin, his spirit is Russian and his rhythms and intervals often Oriental. Even to Italian influence he was open, at least in his early years, for he says that Rubini's singing produced so powerful an effect on his senses that he strove to imitate the sound of his voice in his playing. His special idol to day seems to be Chopin: "One thing is beyond denial—all that enchanted us, all that we loved, respected, worshipped, and admired, has ended with Chopin."

Rubinstein, like Liszt, was always ready to assist the poor and help along needy students, and in the course of twenty years the proceeds of his charity concerts amounted to no less than 300,000 rubles. But aside from his work as a composer, his most valuable services to art have been of a patriotic kind. Thirty years ago Russian music other than folk songs was hardly recognized in Petersburg society, and the state of public feeling on the subject may be inferred from the remark of a lady who brought her daughter to Rubinstein to be educated in the Conservatory, which he had helped to found. Rubinstein informed her that all the lessons were given in Russian, whereupon she exclaimed, "What! music in Russian! What an original idea!" The Conservatory soon became popular—too popular, indeed, to suit Rubinstein, who thought when the number of pupils had risen to 700 that the Conservatory was in danger of becoming a music-factory instead of a music-school. Parents also seemed to look upon it as a sort of asylum for weak-minded children, good for nothing else, and a resort for young men anxious to secure exemption from two years' military duty by means of an easily won diploma. But to-day Russian music and Russian musicians are honored everywhere, at home and abroad, and for this change Rubinstein is very largely responsible. On pages 110-111 he gives a list of notable Russian musicians and teachers, and the concluding sentences of this chapter will please vocal teachers who are constantly accused by pupils of having ruined their voices: "In regard to singing, it is difficult to say who are the superior and who the inferior teachers. They may be compared to physicians—not even the most successful among them can in-

sure life; and the best master in the world may ruin the voice of his pupil when trying to cultivate it."

Stratford-on-Avon. From the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. With 45 illustrations by Edward Hull. Macmillan & Co.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON is in itself an interesting example of the growth of an English town, and the author of this volume has very dexterously woven in with the historical thread the special interest of the Shaksperian in the institutions and village life which Shakspeare knew in his boyhood. The work is admirably proportioned, and avoids with great success the dulness of archaeology and too much learning even when drawing from old records the necessary illustrations. Notices of the town do not antedate the seventh century, when it first emerges from obscurity as a monastic foundation dependent on the See of Worcester. From this grew the manorial group, which gradually increased, and, by means of fairs and the usual fostering influences, developed a local trade. Three natives who obtained advancement in the Church, Robert, Bishop of Chichester; John, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ralph, Bishop of London, were special benefactors. The first two were brothers and also Chancellors of England; the last was their nephew. Robert attended to the paving of some of the long streets which had grown up; John founded the chantry in the parish church, and purchased the patronage of it from the See of Worcester for the benefit of the chantry, which thus controlled it in the same way as Westminster Abbey is now constituted; Ralph built a college for the chantry priests. Meanwhile the exercise of local functions of government had been increasingly held by the Guild, originally a religious association, but developing into one for self-help, which was the principal institution of the town. The care of the poor, the police regulation, and all general oversight gradually fell to it, and education was finally attended to by its erection of the Free Grammar School. In the Reformation the chantry and college fell, and the Guild, already somewhat decayed, was re-created as the corporation of the town, to which its government and the custody of the church, almshouses, and college-house, as well as the Grammar School, were intrusted. This was in 1557, and it was of this body that Shakspeare's father was an officer in his more prosperous days. Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, had already built the stone bridge and done some other benefits to the town.

The first half of Mr. Lee's narrative deals with these matters in an attractive way, and the remainder he devotes to a survey of the actual appearance of the town in Shakspeare's youth, with its streets and markets, its houses and their furnishings, its sanitary condition, the visitations of plague, flood, fire, and famine, the gardens and industries of the people, the paternal oversight of the citizens by the governing board, the discipline of children at home and in the school, and their sports, indoor and outdoor, the occasional visits of the players, and, in general, the whole round of life as it was presented to Shakspeare's youth. He takes up, naturally with particular attention, the story of the poaching in Charlecote Park, which he credits, and gives an interesting account of the hall and its inhabitants; and he also examines the traditions of Shakspeare's drinking at the Bidford and Wincot Inns. Altogether one obtains a very full impression of the town and its doings, and of

Shakspere as one of the growing boys—some destined for London, like Richard Field, some for apprenticeship at home, some for the service of the great halls in the neighborhood. He does not follow Shakspere to London, but he follows him back to Stratford, enumerates his purchases of land, and gives details of his family and other friends in the town, and shows him in all the village relations of his latter days, including the dispute about the Welcombe Fields. Little of the material is altogether fresh, but it has been extracted from much drier volumes and is well arranged to inform the reader what sort of a town Shakspere lived in, and what he was there as one of his own people. The illustrations are numerous and there are two maps.

Three Years in Western China. A narrative of three journeys in Ssü-ch'uan, Kuei-chow, and Yun-nan. By Alexander Hosie. London: George Philip & Son. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 302. Illustrated.

ALTHOUGH this handsome volume ought to have been published six years ago, since the courageous author's journeys were made between 1882 and 1884, yet there is a peculiar timeliness in its issue. The commercial metropolis of Ssü-ch'uan (Sz-chuen), the most westerly province of China, the city of Ch'ung-ch'ing (Chungking), was, by an agreement of the Chinese Government made March 31, 1890, raised to the rank of a treaty port. The regions traversed by Mr. Hosie, and so pleasantly described by him, are now opened to European and American intercourse. Hence, to pioneers of trade, to the missionary, traveller, and interested reader at home, the mass of information which Mr. Hosie so admirably presents is doubly welcome for its value and readability. Mr. Hosie, who is in the British Consular Service, dates his preface at Wenchow, China, September 6, 1889, and Mr. Archibald Little has furnished an introduction of twenty pages, dated London, May, 1890, which shows him master of his theme; but we take exception to his implication that Mr. Hosie here gives us "the latest information" concerning western China. About two years ago, the Rev. Virgil Hart, an American missionary, published a volume of his experiences entitled 'Western China,' in which he has put at our disposal the story of much of what Mr. Hosie has seen and of some things that the English traveller did not see. Indeed, as regards the Yang-tse Kiang Valley, Mr. Hart's record is more full of interesting detail both to the commercial man and the student of humanity.

Pausing only to do justice to a fellow-pioneer, we may say that both books agree as to the richness of the province of Sz-chuen, or, as we must hereafter write it, Ssü-ch'uan; and that Mr. Hosie's narrative is of the liveliest as well as the most informing. We have here the record of the trained and fully equipped traveller using to the full unusual opportunities. Starting from I-chang, one thousand miles from the mouth of the Yang-tse Kiang, the port opened in 1876, he made his way by small steamer and boat to the city of Chu'ng-ch'ing, now the newest treaty-port, and thence by an overland route reached Kuei-chow, the capital of Kuei-chow province. Moving westward into Yun-nan, he journeyed back along another route to the Yang-tse River, and visited Ch'ing-tu, the capital of the richest province in China. Thence through the country of the Lü-los to Ta-li on the Eul-hai (lake) and eastward to Yun-nan Fu, near another lake, he again, by a third and differ-

ent route through Kuei-chow, reached the Yang-tse. Another journey was made later through the white-wax country, to the sacred mountain O-mei, and to the highest navigable point of the Yang-tse.

The interest of this readable book of travels in a country about which we are sometimes tempted to think too much has been written, arises from the fact that the races of western China are non-Chinese. Over fifty pages of the Appendix are devoted to exercises in the Peh language, which will be useful to linguists, but much more interesting to the general reader are the glimpses of pretty girls with feet unbound, of fine-looking hunters and mountaineers, the curious arts and customs of the non-Chinese races of whom both Marco Polo and Mr. Hosie tell. Further, in describing the various industrial arts and commodities, the English author has not simply transferred his Parliamentary reports to the heavy laid paper of an elegantly made English book, but graphically describes what he saw. The manufacture of "rice" paper is pictured as the deft paring into a flat sheet of a roll of pith. In one place he finds that the people, instead of cleansing their clothes by water, accomplish the same end by fire. The coat or trousers, when greasy or stained, is simply heated red hot on the coals, and the suit of asbestos is pure again. At O-mei the clouds prevented the author from seeing the "Glory of Buddha"—the Brocken spectre of Asia—which, reflected in the air-strata at eleven thousand feet above the earth, is interpreted by priest and devotee as a manifestation of the Enlightened One.

In a word, this timely volume confirms the previous reports of the richness of the great province of Ssü-ch'uan, adds interesting data to the researches of Francis Garnier and Colborne Baber concerning the Lolo people, forms an interesting appendix to Col. Yule's 'Book of Marco Polo,' and modifies the conclusions and ardent beliefs of the great railway pioneer and trade-route seeker, Mr. Colquhoun.

In its mechanical setting, this traveller's story has been well favored. Paper, print, binding, map, index, introduction are all of the best. Despite the crowd of books on China, there is room and welcome, at the front, for this latest comer. It is another mark of British progress and record of Chinese advance, for in the same year of the opening of this far western city as a port of commerce, we read of the assent of the Imperial Government to the construction of a railway from Peking to Kirin. The prospect of a railway through China from the Russian to the Burmese frontier, built before the twentieth century is ushered in, is no longer the baseless fabric of a vision, but a well-grounded probability.

The Annals of Tacitus, I-VL. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indexes, by William Francis Allen, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1890.

THE confidence with which we have awaited the appearance of Prof. Allen's second posthumous work has not been deceived. His 'History of the Roman People' evinced a comprehensive grasp of the whole subject; but his particular knowledge of the imperial period, proved by more than one publication, showed clearly that in him the student of Tacitus would find a trustworthy and helpful guide. He was also much interested in the character of Tiberius, of whose reign these six books of the 'Annals' are a history. All these facts promised an intelligent and interesting treat-

ment of one of the great works of antiquity, and the promise has been kept.

In this edition the text (which is based upon that of Halm's fourth) is preceded by essays upon the life, writings, and style of Tacitus, the extent and administration of the Roman Empire, and the character of Tiberius. It is to this last that scholars will be most likely to turn first, for upon the conception that one has formed of the Emperor will depend one's judgment about many of the events of his reign. In this matter Prof. Allen took a moderate, and, we believe, the most reasonable course. He could not believe in the theory of Tacitus, that Tiberius was all his life a hypocrite; nor, on the other hand, had he any sympathy with "the modern fashion of whitewashing the reputable characters of history." He rejected, too, the hypothesis that, upon the accession of Tiberius to the throne, at the age of fifty-six, he became all of a sudden, from a man *egregius vita famaque*, a hypocrite and a tyrant. The fact is, that during the fifteen years from his accession to his retirement at Capri, we can scarcely discover a manifestly unjust or cruel act on the Emperor's part. But after that time a great change came over him. Into the succeeding years misfortunes crowded thick and fast. Tiberius, always lacking in self reliance, and now full of apprehension of personal danger, was thrown into a panic by the conspiracy of Agrippina and her sons, the murder of Drusus, and the treachery of his trusted minister Sejanus. The old Emperor, "broken in body and spirit, disappointed, morbidly brooding in solitude upon his wretchedness, knowing no one whom he could trust, . . . allowed the bad qualities which he had hitherto held in abeyance, to get the mastery over him." Such is Prof. Allen's explanation of the reasons for the fearful scenes of cruelty and tyranny which made infamous the last eight years of Tiberius.

In the commentary on the text, it is very evident that Prof. Allen was not one of those who seem to believe that Latin books were written to afford a field for the study of grammar. Attention is paid to the style and peculiarities of language of Tacitus, but the chief object is to remind the student that he is dealing with a chapter in history, to be read and understood as such. The difficult points in this line, as well as in public and private antiquities, are explained, rather than grammatical *cruces*. This, we believe, should always be the aim in a commentary on a work used by students of sufficient maturity to approach an author like Tacitus. Plenty of men in our colleges can rattle off the rules of syntax, and account for every accusative and subjunctive in the longest period; but when it comes to any real understanding of what they read, they are often as ignorant as Philip's eunuch. To such persons this book will be a real benefit. The notes are sufficient, yet always brief; they are not polemical, but present simply the editor's own conclusions, and are never padded out with a mass of lore to show his knowledge. The gap in the history caused by the loss of nearly all the fifth book, is filled out by quotations from Dio Cassius, Juvenal, and Suetonius—an excellent idea. We have also a map and several portraits of members of the imperial family.

We have hinted that Prof. Allen was no grammarian, and have rather approved of it. Yet in the course of study of any author, at any period of the student's life, certain grammatical peculiarities will always arise which it is an editor's duty to explain. We do not think that the part of the introduction which treats of the grammatical and stylistic peculiarities of Tacitus will be found sufficient by teachers or ad-

vanced scholars. It is the weak point in the book; the editor clearly felt it a task, and it bears marks of hasty work. For example, we find the statement: "Many words are used only by Tacitus, and others only by him in a certain meaning, e. g., *finire*, die, *inturbidus*, undisturbed, *circumflui*, surrounded by." Of these three words it is true that *inturbidus* is used only by Tacitus; but *circumflui* is used in the same sense by other writers, while Tacitus himself sometimes uses *finire* in its common meaning. The statement is therefore defective, and cannot be improved by changing the position of the word *only*. A more serious error is in the remark that the use of the historical infinitive in a subordinate clause is peculiar to Tacitus. This is true only when such a clause precedes the main clause. In its use when following the main clause he had predecessors in Sallust and Livy, and followers in Florus and Lactantius. An error in a different part of the book is a repetition of one which we noted in the 'History of the Roman People.' In the genealogical table of the Caesars, L. Domitius is made to figure as the son instead of as the husband of the elder Antonia. Of course this is only a slip, and not due to ignorance, for in one of the notes the two are rightly described as man and wife.

The book has two excellent indexes, and the type is clear and handsome. The editors of the "College Series of Latin Authors" deserve congratulations as well as thanks for the first American edition of the 'Annals' which can be called scholarly.

Nation-Making: A story of New Zealand.
By J. C. Firth. Longmans, Green & Co.
1890.

THIS book is built in compartments like an ocean steamer. There is no direct connection of ideas between them, and what most strikes the reader in passing from one to the other is a steady and well-marked deterioration in quality from the beginning of the book to the end. In the first part Mr. Firth writes from the fulness of personal knowledge and experience of the early days of the colony, brings

out the most interesting points of the Maori character in a variety of anecdotes, and paints with considerable skill and with plenty of local color a picture of the decline and fall of a remarkably fine race of savages. In all this, Mr. Firth is at his best, and, in spite of some peculiarities of style, this part of his book is pleasant reading. Another compartment is packed with statistics of more or less interest relating to the growth of population, indebtedness, railroads, etc., in New Zealand. As long as he confines himself to such statements of fact, Mr. Firth is presumably correct; but when he begins to draw inferences from the figures of imports and exports, it soon appears that he shares Mr. Blaine's grotesque ideas on this branch of political economy.

When the reader has made this discovery, he is to some extent prepared for what follows. In a subsequent compartment he is taken at headlong speed through the wars and waste places of the world's history, from the building of the pyramids down to the recent strike of the London dock-laborers. In lurid and somewhat incoherent language, he is warned that a terrific conflict is at hand between Labor with a big L and Capital with a big C, and that doubt, unbelief, and despair are casting their shadows over Humanity with a big H. If he follows the argument closely to the end, he will find that, according to Mr. Firth, four things are necessary in order to ward off the wrath to come: (1) that the day's labor shall be reduced to eight hours, (2) that trades unions shall be encouraged and upheld at any cost, (3) that the miserable theories of political economy on the one hand and those of "Darwin and his fellows" on the other shall be cast to the winds, and (4) that England shall at once spend one hundred millions sterling on new war-ships in order to become mistress of the seas. Having arrived at these invaluable results, the bewildered reader will probably examine such convictions as he may possess on these subjects, and, finding them unmoved by Mr. Firth's word-cyclones, he will close the book and murmur with thankfulness the customary Maori peroration: "Enough. It is ended."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Year's Naval Progress. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Barracand, L. *The Viscountess.* Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co. 50 cents.
Boyesen, H. H. *Against Heavy Odds.* Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
Brinton, D. G. *Races and Peoples.* N. D. C. Hodges.
Chapin, Kate. *At Fault.* St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Publishing Co.
Conrad, F. *Disillusion.* George Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.
Cranach, C. P. *The Bird and the Bell.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Dembitz, L. N. *Kentucky Jurisprudence.* Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. \$2.
Dieulafoy, Mme. Jane. *At Susa.* Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co. 85.
Edaren, A. H. *French Grammar.* Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.20.
Fables, Anecdotes, and Stories for the Purposes of Composition. Boston School Supply Co.
Farrar, Canon. *The Passion Play at Oberammergau.* John W. Lovell Co. 25 cents.
Fitzroy, K. E. *The Chief Justice.* John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Gladstone, W. E. *Landmarks of Homeric Study.* Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.
Glover, Elizabeth. *Family Manners.* Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents.
Goncourt, L. and J. de. *Sister Philomène.* George Routledge & Sons. \$1.50.
Grady, H. W. *The New South.* Robert Bonner's Sons. \$1.
Grav, E. C. *On Making the Best of Things.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
Greene, Sarah Pratt McLean. *Leon Pontifex.* Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.
Hardy, Irène. *Composition Exercises.* Henry Holt & Co. \$1.
Herrig, H. Luther. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society.
Hudgett, Ruth M. S. *Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tsar.* Chas. E. Merrill & Co. \$1.75.
Howells, W. D. *A Boy's Town.* Harper & Bros.
Hutton, R. H. *Cardinal Newman.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
Irvine, L. H. *The Struggle for Bread.* John B. Alden. 50 cents.
Irving, H. and **Marshall, F. A.** *The Works of William Shakespeare.* Vol. VIII. Scribner & Welford. \$3.
James, Prof. W. *The Principles of Psychology.* 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co. \$6.
Johns, H. T. *Life with the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers.* Washington, D. C.
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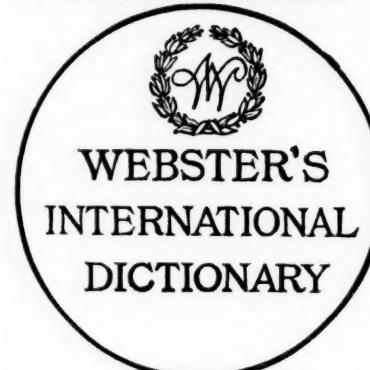
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